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PALACE TORQUAY

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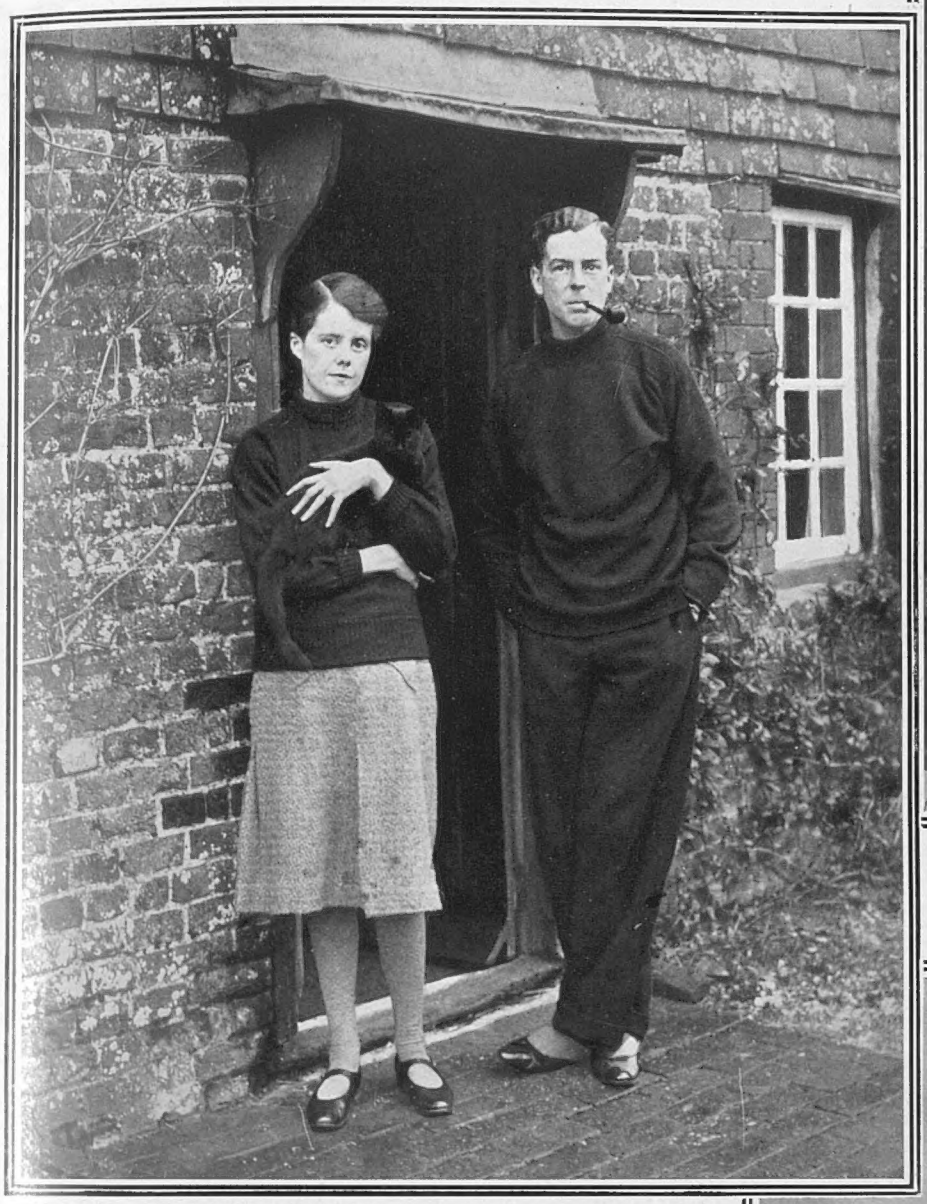
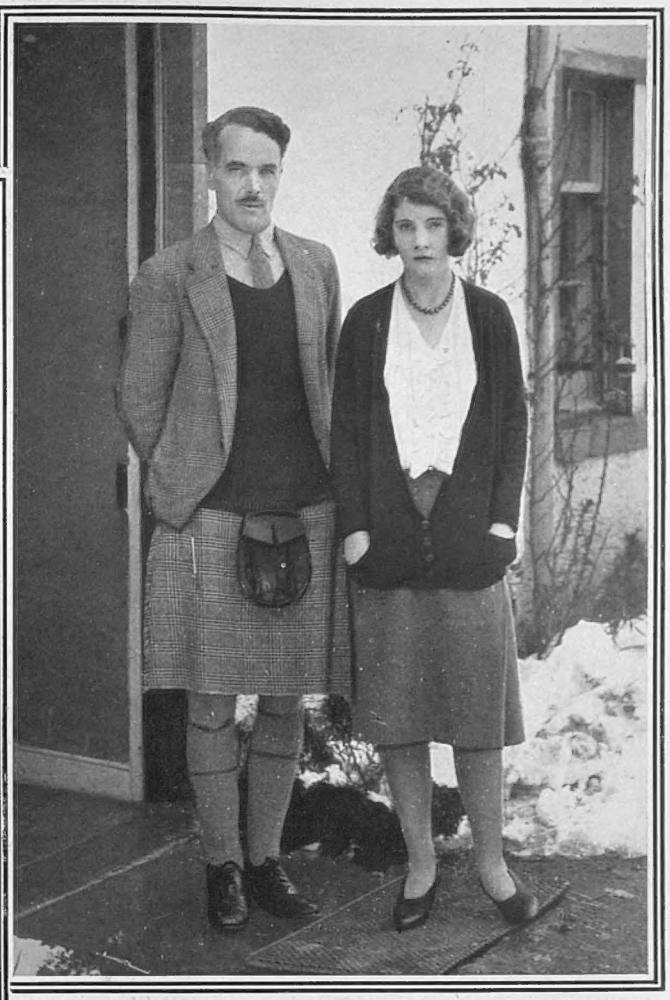
PEOPLE *in the* PUBLIC EYE

Notabilities of the Current Week



"DECENT FELLOWS": Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Heygate with their cat "Proust," in their country cottage in Sussex. Mr. Heygate's first novel — about Eton — has already sold heavily. The Hon. Mrs. Heygate is also a novelist, eclipsing even her husband's rate of writing — 2,000 words a day



AN ENGAGEMENT OF NOTE: Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvie, son of the Dowager Countess of Airlie and brother of the Earl of Airlie, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Miss Primrose O'Brien, eldest daughter of Mr. R. W. O'Brien, of the Bank of Ireland, Drogheda, Co. Louth

Douglas

AN ACTRESS OF DISTINCTION: Miss Beatrix Thomson, who is playing at the Everyman in *The Wild Ass's Skin*, adapted by Miss Crofton from Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, and is playing Madame Dreyfus in the film of the great *cause célèbre* at Elstree, in which Mr. Cedric Hardwicke enacts the title-rôle

IN THE NEWEST COCHRAN SHOW: Miss Effie Atherton in the rôle of Jacqueline in the Cochran *1931 Revue*, which is opening in Manchester prior to its London presentation

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: A remarkable picture of the first stage of the South of the Thames Cross-Country Championship. The picture was taken from a Desoulter, piloted by Captain Findlay, having as passengers a photographer and Mr. D. Barrington Hudson, of the Hanworth Flying Club (the Public Schools quarter-mile record holder), who was "aersporting"

BY ROYAL PERMISSION: The start of the South of the Thames Cross-Country Championship, held in Windsor Great Park. The race was won by W. A. Townsend (Swindon A.C.), the team prize going to Herne Hill Harriers, London Harriers (running reserves only) gaining second place

STRENUOUS MORTALS SEEN *by the* GODS

EUROPE *grown* ELECTRIC

Spain in Ferment and the Papal Broadcast

A ROYAL FAREWELL : Queen Ena bids adieu to her cousin, the King, at Victoria, having left the sick-bed of her mother, Princess Beatrice (who is making good progress) to join her consort in his hour of peril

THE ANSWER TO THE SPANISH IMPASSE: Señor Sanchez Guerra, the Conservative politician, who, revolting against the King in 1929, was imprisoned and subsequently exiled, only to be recalled to form a ministry and avert revolution

THE PAPAL BROADCAST: His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, speaks into the microphone in the presence of the Papal Secretary, Cardinal Pacelli (on left) and Senatore Marchese Marconi. The papal message was seriously interfered with by Soviet wireless activity, and was, in consequence, repeated over the Continental lines. In England the message did not encounter serious interference and so was not repeated. It was attended, in the words of the B.B.C., by "a measure of success." The tenor of the address was an appeal to all classes in this hour of crisis

THE ELECTRIFIED VATICAN: The Pope "at the wheel" during the inaugural ceremonies attendant upon the installation of the electric station in the Vatican

Electricity has been much to the fore in Europe of late, what with the installation of the station in the papal residence and the papal broadcast, and matters in Spain have, in Carlyle's vivid phrase, "grown electric." Only by the exercise of his great brilliance and enormous personal popularity has King Alfonso XIII maintained his throne and saved his country from the desolation of a general strike and the horrors of civil war. The enforced resignation of General Berenguer and the failure of every politician to form a Ministry induced the King to send for his ancient political enemy, Señor Sanchez Guerra, to form a Government, but with no better result. Don Alfonso has conceded the establishment of Cortes Constituyentes

ART *of the* FOUR GEORGES *in* PARK LANE

London's Latest Art Exhibition Opening Next Monday at the Palatial Home of Sir Philip Sassoon in Park Lane

By R. H. WILENSKI

We are to see English portraiture in its most brilliant flowering in the Four Georges Exhibition which Sir Philip Sassoon is holding in his Park Lane mansion from next Monday till the end of March. The exhibition is in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital of which Sir Philip is the honorary treasurer, and owners of Georgian art—pictures, furniture, silver, glass—both here and in America have generously responded to Sir Philip's appeal to lend their treasures.

The Georgian period stretches technically from 1714 to 1830. But the exhibition will mainly represent the long reign of George III, for that reign saw Allan Ramsay, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and Lawrence in England (while Raeburn was working in Scotland) and it also saw Chippendale and Sheraton.

This astonishing outburst of national art is one of the features of art history. Georgian art arose in England in response to a specific demand from a large wealthy class at the time. In the first half of the eighteenth century the English aristocracy adorned its houses with Italian pictures brought back from the "grand tour." In the second half of the century, though this practice continued, it became fashionable to have portraits painted by English artists and to hang these on the walls as well, and in this period the numbers of the fashionable world were enormously increased by arrivals of "new rich." From 1760 till the beginning of the Napoleonic wars money poured into England, especially from India. It was not only the aristocracy who now had stately homes and walls that called for pictures, but a large upper-class, rich, powerful, and privileged, and anxious to use its money, its power, and its privileges, to cut a figure in the fashionable world. The first thing was to have a handsome house—such as Robert Adam or one of his colleagues could build; the next was to fill it with handsome furniture and silver; the next was to collect fine company to visit it; and to this last end the possession of pictures by the fashionable artists and their exhibition in the Royal Academy (founded in 1768) were found frequently to be contributory factors.

The Georgian period moreover was a moment of great national consciousness. The English upper classes by the middle of the eighteenth century had reached a stage in national development when, looking on the national schools of art of Italy, France, and Holland, they felt disconcerted that they had so little to point to of their own. Reynolds, referring to the foundation of the Academy in his opening address, said. "It is indeed difficult to give any other reason why an Empire like that of Britain should so long have wanted an ornament so suitable to its greatness, than that slow progression of things which naturally makes elegance and refinement the last effect of opulence and power." This gives us the key to the situation. The English had reached a stage when narcissism demanded not only the power to purchase fine pictures, but the power to produce them. There comes a moment in the life of every self-respecting nationwhen it wants to produce its own works of art.

The American upper classes to-day are rapidly approaching the same stage of narcissism. Two generations of American wealth and fashion have been buying works of art on a notoriously princely scale; and the new generation is anxious to produce it. But no one knows yet what American art will be; because the potential purchasers have not yet decided what they want. One thing is certain; American art will not be portraiture. Cameras, still and moving, have made that impossible to-day.

Meanwhile no exhibition of English Georgian art can now be representative unless it includes some of the hundreds of fine examples which have gone to the United States. Sir Philip Sassoon's exhibition contains no less than fourteen pictures from American collections—pictures which no one expected to be able to see here again.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is lending his Gainsborough "Miss Linley and her Brother." This picture used to stand on an easel in the Crimson Drawing-room at Knole. It represents Eliza Linley, afterwards the wife of Sheridan, and her brother, Thomas, as a boy leaning his head on her shoulder. Eliza Linley, when the picture was painted, was about to start on her career of singer which was to culminate at Drury Lane when Fanny Burney wrote, "Every other diversion is forsaken; Miss Linley alone engrosses all eyes, ears, hearts." Tom Linley, who died some years after sitting for this picture, also had musical talent which we may believe was really considerable, since Mozart said, "Had Linley lived he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world."

Another Gainsborough coming from America is "H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV." This enchanting picture shows the Duke as a youth in naval uniform, with powdered hair, holding his hat and sword in his hand, and wearing the Star and Ribbon of the Order of the Thistle. The picture was painted at the command of the King before the young duke joined the squadron on the American coast. It remained in the possession of the royal family up to the death of William IV's nephew, the late Duke of Cambridge, when it was sold at Christie's to Messrs. Knoedler, from whom it passed to the John F. Talmage collection in New York. Since then it has been again acquired by Messrs. Knoedler, and it now belongs to Mr. John Phipps of New York who is lending it. The painting of the face in this picture shows Gainsborough as a real ancestor of Renoir.

We see the same light touch, the same blue eye, the same way of painting the nose and the same lovely carmine on the lips. When we recall the abuse showered on Impressionist technique it is curious to remember that Gainsborough suffered censure in almost the same terms. This light nervous touch which we find so delightful was described in his day by one critic as "an undetermined, dashing, stroking, scratchy, thunder and lightning form of Art." A third Gainsborough lent from America is Mr. J. E. Widener's "Mrs. Graham," a study for the celebrated fulllength in Edinburgh.

To say that we owe the full flowering of British portraiture to the social conditions and demands of the time is not, of course, the whole story. It explains Romney. It explains Raeburn. But it only partly explains Reynolds, and it explains Gainsborough still less completely. For both Reynolds and Gainsborough gave more than was asked of them. Reynolds taught his customers to some extent what they should ask of him. He held up to them not only a narcissistic ideal which was partly national and partly individual, but also an ideal of art itself.

A portrait by Reynolds was not only evidence of the national opulence and power and elegance referred to in his address to the Academy, and of the kind of figure which the sitter aspired to cut in public life; it was also evidence of the kind of picture which Reynolds aspired to paint. Reynolds sought to combine the trade of the pier photographer with the grand manner of Titian; and strange to say he almost succeeded. I say advisedly "almost" becausem any of his portraits were refused by the sitters as bad likenesses—which means that as a popular photographer he was not always successful—and because he rarely reached a height in picture-making which is really comparable with the Italian art which he admired. Gainsborough, who began as a competent portrait-painter with a talent for catching a likeness and a sense of sound workmanship, (acquired from his French master Gravelot), soon wearied of the rewards of purely fashionable success and developed in his maturity as an independent artist, painting landscapes and portraits in a style so essentially personal that he could rouse the Philistine, as noted above, to indignant fury. He gave his age, in fact, so much more than it asked for that, as always happens, he was accused of not giving it enough.

Knoedler

WILLIAM IV.: H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence (afterwards "The Sailor King"), by Gainsborough. It is lent to the "Four Georges Exhibition" held at Sir Philip Sassoon's house by Mr. John Phipps of New York

From "OVER *the* WATER"

Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Heir of the Stuarts, Visits England

By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT

(Who entertained the Prince at his country house, Birtsmoreton Court, Worcs.)

I had no intention of writing the story of the Crown Prince Rupprecht's recent visit to England, which was an entirely private and personal one. To use his own words, he came "only as a tourist and my guest." But in view of the ridiculous and absurd accounts of the visit that have been published, I have thought it only right in view of the whole circumstances of the case to supply the true story of it.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS: The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Bavaria

It has been stated that the visit was a secret one and surrounded with mystery. Considering that an announcement of his coming was made in *The Times* some four or five days before his arrival in London, his visit can hardly be called secret. So far from that being the case, the Prince, disliking the secrecy it might imply, decided not to travel under the incognito he sometimes assumes, as Count Scheyern, and came openly under his own name, but travelling in the simplest style and alone.

The formal reason for the Prince's coming was the Persian Exhibition. All who know anything of the wonderful exhibition organized in Munich with his support in 1910 will realize what a great acquisition his help could be in organizing the Persian Exhibition in London this year. His Royal Highness, when approached, evinced the greatest interest and gave much personal help in securing exhibits from Bavaria and elsewhere, as well as sending two exhibits from his own collection. He accepted membership of the Committee of the Exhibition, and it is small wonder that he desired to follow up the interest he had shown by seeing the Exhibition *in propriâ personâ*.

As a tourist and private visitor he visited it on an ordinary public day. Small wonder also that while over here he desired to see again something of London which he had not seen since the Coronation of 1911, at which he represented Bavaria; and also other places elsewhere, some of which he had not seen since he represented his country at the second Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

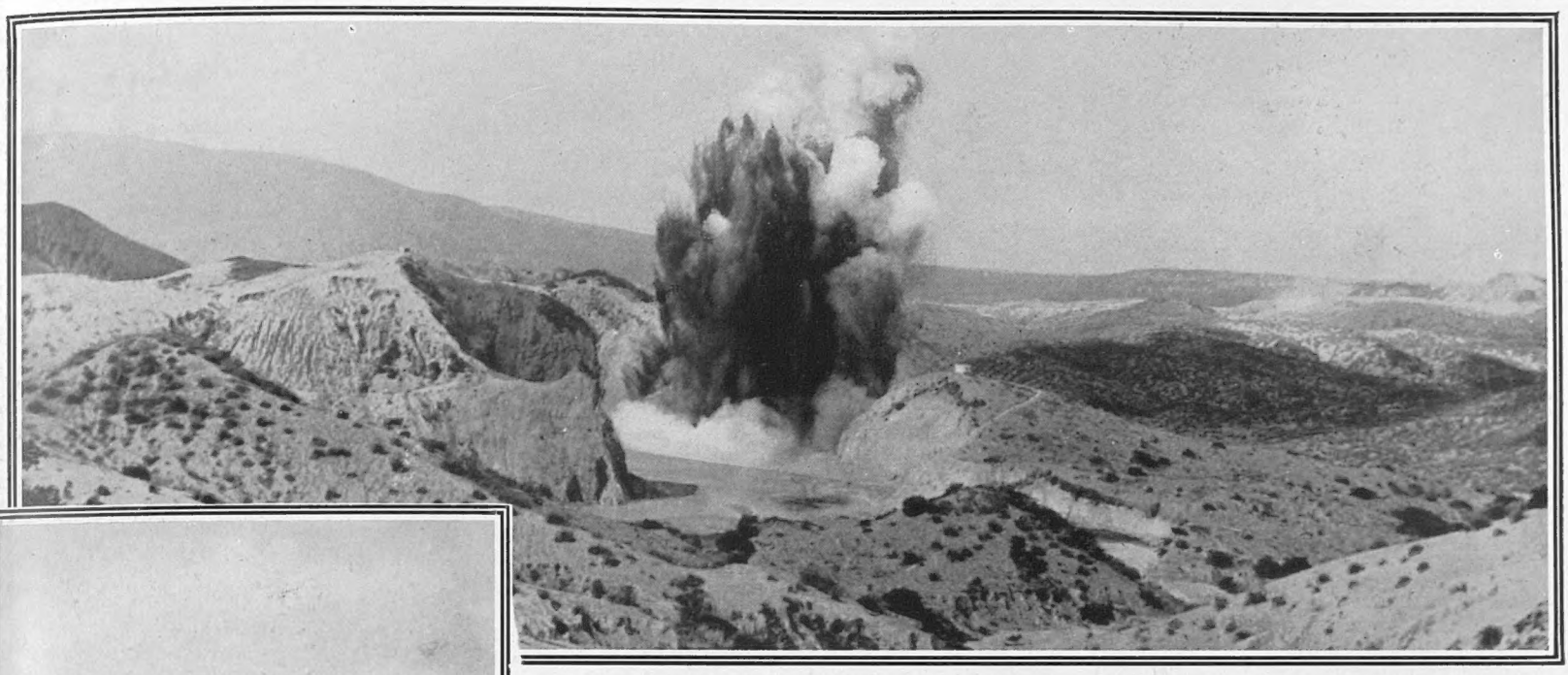
Prince Rupprecht is in more ways than one a very remarkable man. One of the most outstanding personalities of the hour, and one of the greatest generals on the other side, he combines with his military interests a knowledge of art and literature that is rare. On matters of world interest he is extraordinarily well informed, and during his stay in England there was scarcely a conversation on any subject to which he did not contribute something of real interest. He met all sorts and conditions of people, and he was equally at home with them all. He has in very full measure the great gift of putting immediately at their ease all to whom he speaks. His knowledge of English is wonderful considering that he did not speak it as a child and how little he has spoken it in recent years, though he has had for several years an English governess in charge of his younger children. His innate kindness and charm of manner won him friends in all directions.

Straight from the Persian Exhibition he went on to meet two of the most distinguished British Generals who had fought against him in the War. With them he was equally at home, seeming to get into touch with them immediately, and I venture the opinion that of all that happened during his eight days' stay, what pleased him most was the respect and cordiality with which he was received by the many soldiers he met who had faced him across the trenches. They recognized in him a brilliant general and a gallant foe and, as such, they met him with soldierly respect. The Crown Prince Rupprecht was only absent from the Front during the whole duration of the War for eight days spent in visiting his mother who was ill. He kept a diary every day throughout its length, and the English translation of his recently published book will be read with wide interest.

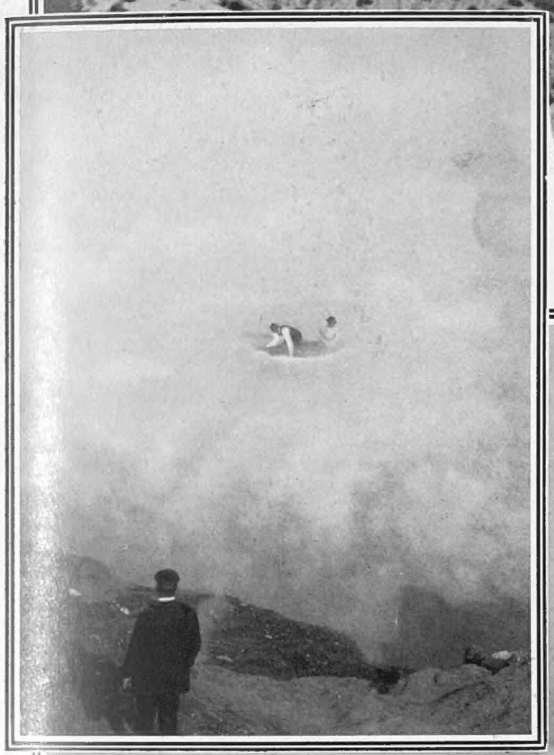
Being the eldest living representative of the House of Stuart, he could hardly fail to be interested in England and he has always shown great admiration for things English. In Bavaria Englishmen are welcomed, and Munich has outpaced all its rival cities in Germany as a home for English students who are flocking there in ever-increasing numbers.

NEW ZEALAND RIVEN AGAIN

New Earthquakes Strike Terror into Both Islands of the Dominion



THE BLACK GEYSER: An eruption of this remarkable phenomenon seen from a distance of between four and five miles. The height of the upflung mud and stone reaches over 2,000 ft. Located on North Island, the Black Geyser is a symptom in its recent eruption of the volcanic activity prevalent in the area



VOLCANIC EVIDENCE: A cloud of steam arising from the Black Geyser, newly erupting on North Island. The rocks to right and left tower some 650 ft. above the level. Inset above on left—*ROWING ON BOILING WATER: A venturesome exploit on a geyser lake, liable to spout at any moment*

Napier experienced last week the most severe tremor felt since that which destroyed the town. A further large portion of Bluff Hill was brought down. Walls in the devastated business area tottered and fell. All work of clearing the town has been stopped temporarily. The hydro-electric power has again been interrupted. The South Island was affected this time, tremors of varying intensity occurring throughout the province of Otage (about 600 miles from Napier). Chimneys fell into the streets at Queenstown, and household utensils were dislodged in houses at Dunedin. The Director of Geological Survey reports that the coast has risen 3 ft. at Napier breakwater, 7 ft. at Petane (some six miles to the north of Napier) and 6 ft. at Tongoio.

A LAST LOOK ROUND

The News of the Week in Pictures

TREASURES FROM THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION: The copy of the *clarsach* or Scottish harp belonging to Mary Stuart and the lute of Rizzio, the Italian favourite of the Queen of Scots, which are two of the fascinating historical relics at the exhibition, the Raeburns at which are superb, held at 27, Grosvenor Square until March 1

PARTY FORGOTTEN: The Speaker, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Baldwin, at the funeral of Sir L. Worthington Evans

A TRADE AT PEACE: Lord Derby opens the Cotton Exhibition, a branch of the British Industries Fair, at the White City. The opening happily coincided with the settlement of the strike which had threatened to spread to other trades during the four weeks of crisis

TRAGEDY IN MONTAGUE SQUARE: The corner house in Montague Square and Upper George Street which was gutted by fire last week-end. The house was owned by Mr. John Roskill, K.C. Mrs. Roskill perished in the vain attempt to save the nurse off their son Oliver, Miss Weir. The cause of the fire is as yet undetermined. Note the furnishings hanging on the sills

ON THE ELSTREE "BEACH": Miss Evelyn Laye in a talkie sketch made at the British International Studios. The artists wore beach costumes, designed by themselves and named after the designers, worn subsequently at the Lion ball at the Mayfair Hotel in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. *Inset* are Sir Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Henry Ainley at the Actors' Benevolent Fund Dinner

TUNIS: The Polish Corridor's Rival as the Greatest Danger to the Peace of Europe

Italy and France at Loggerheads in the North African Province—a Striking Revelation by "The Sphere's" Special Foreign Correspondent

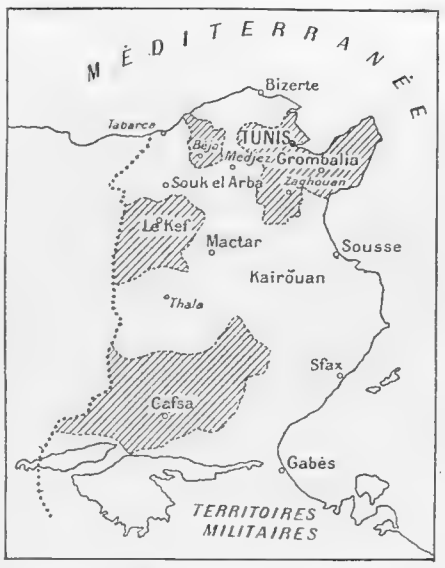
By FERDINAND TUOHY

TUNIS, February.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the French Protectorate in Tunisia. In a few weeks President Doumergue will visit Tunis, his farewell mission. He was here a year ago; his swift repassage is required to drive home the befogged fact of French overlordship locally—consequent on Fascist challenge—and is likely to be the point of departure of a new and reinforced policy on the part of the protecting Power, leading to eventual annexation. For, if the Republic is to continue to prevail in Tunis, the existing situation cannot go on indefinitely.

Most of us at home, when we think of Tunis at all, say, "Oh, yes, Mussolini refuses to allow the Italians there to become naturalized French, doesn't he? Wants it eventually himself, eh?"

It is more involved than that; there is deeper play. The next half-century should witness a transformation of the northern half of the Dark Continent, with France and Italy as principal protagonists in the work of development. At present France holds nearly all the trumps and resolutely bars the path to Lake Chad, vital pivot and more immediate goal of Roman policy. But the Republic has a weak point in her rear—Tunis—and on to this Fascism has fastened. Not so much, at this early stage, at any rate, with a view to ultimate absorption by force of arms as to use the dug-in Italian preponderancy there as a major bargaining asset towards acquiring an extension of the southern Libyan (Tripoli) frontier in the direction of Chad. The negotiations ahead will be to try and reconcile Roman aspirations in the direction of Equatorial Africa with definite and unchallengeable French suzerainty in Tunis. Pending which negotiations, this Protectorate probably forms, with the Polish Corridor, one of Europe's two most delicate points, since it is where the Franco-Italian bad feeling comes most visibly to a head. Upon this classic territory re-awakened Rome again casts the *Delenda Carthago* look (substituting "*Francia*") and behold the obvious emanation: swagger, espionage-control-of-emigrants, saturation with Roman culture, the preserving of a state within a state; much as had there been two Germans to one Briton in Egypt before the War, and the former contemptuously ignored the possessive minority.



A BONE OF CONTENTION: A map showing in the shaded portions the Italian points of settlement where they preponderate over the French

But what was Italy doing when France came to Tunis in 1881 and made the place? Isn't Rome always talking about the "rhythmic evolution of nations" and wasn't France being rhythmic then, when Italy was fully occupied trying to fashion herself into an entity? You may ask that kind of question in vain of Tunis Fascists, of whom there are 800 noisy, active ones ("le club des huit cents.") Under augmenting self-control, the studious acquisition of which is now an almost visible Fascist phenomenon, they condescend the quiet *hauteur* of the coming race.

Tunis is geographically, geologically, ethnologically, a projection of Algeria which latter forms three departments of France proper. The Berber strain is, however, much stronger and native arab life more retained, particularly the Moslem faith. There are about 2,000,000 natives and perhaps 200,000 Europeans. The country lives by its export of cereals, olives, wine, and phosphates. It is at the moment in a very bad way; part slump, part no rain. Prices have increased almost 100 per cent over pre-war, when Tunis was absurdly cheap, and the Bey's subjects are far from satisfied with the current effect of the protecting Power's presence. They look around and see mines closed, stocks piled up, a veritable hetacomb of cattle, commerce at a standstill, a long list of daily bankruptcies, no corn, no olives. A native National Party is budding in Tunis.

The French run the country. They went there originally as a result of Jules Ferry's persistent efforts to get his countrymen to turn from Sedan to fields across the sea—even as to-day André Tardieu has launched "the imperial idea" to wean his countrymen from their ingrowing domestic neurosis. There is nominally a dual sovereignty in Tunis. In all departments of government French officials work side by side with Beylical representatives. But actually the only department in which the Bey really rules is that of Justice (native courts). In all else he is subject to French tutelage, he and his officials, even to the activity of a French "Secretary General" who is nothing but Prime Minister, and separate from the French President General. The vast countryside and desert is laid out under French comptrollers; the Fleet is a good deal of the time at Bizerta; General de Chambrun commands a division. Yet there are *lacunae* in this apparent French dominancy which, it is considered, it is high time should be attended to.

The problem all along for the French has been lack of French birthrate and settling locally: the old story of the impossibility of tearing French people away from the *pays*. Even such as cross the Mediterranean—all too many of them—only count the years before they will be able to realize on their land or businesses and return to *le Métropole*. To combat this state of affairs, to maintain the appearance of French majority presence locally, an exceptional naturalization law was promulgated seven or eight years ago; to lead to no end of trouble, both with ourselves and others. But before this—in 1896—all the Powers save Italy had formally recognized French overlordship. The Capitulations went, the Protectorate became a living fact and, thus given a free hand, the new masters set about transforming government and remoulding it after the French colonial manner. In 1921–22–23 followed the next step, the naturalization campaign. With 13,500 British subjects (Maltese) in Tunis, we were considerably concerned. Our friends wanted to make the whole lot French overnight; but this crude unfairness Lord Curzon managed to scotch. After much rather bitter wrangling, a compromise was agreed to by which all Maltese up to the third generation, born in Tunis, provided birth took place before November 8, 1921, have the option of remaining British. Put differently, no British subject will automatically become French and serve as a French conscript until 1941. And even then such parents as go to the trouble of having their children born on British soil can obviate such naturalization. And not a few are doing this. Mothers go specially across to Malta to have their children. Such is the matter as it effects us, and it is interesting to know that over 8,000 Maltese opted to remain British, while all the males gradually coming of age are remaining British, in no small measure because they thus avoid conscription. Some 5,000 Maltese have become French, from business motives rather than sentiment. Incidentally, it was found that the French were not only putting pressure on British subjects to change over, but were misleading them, so much so, that our Consul had to undertake a tour of the country explaining the law and our rights under it. However, that all belongs to the past. To-day things run smoothly enough concerning the Maltese who are largely in commerce and are inclined to hang together in self-contained but entirely unprovocative communities. Slowly the French will draw on this stock in their task of "creating a new people."

Similarly, they are counting on drawing an increasing number of native Jews into the French fold, and there are some 25,000 in the town of Tunis alone. Spaniards and Greeks are other though relatively unimportant strains, the assimilation of which will present no difficulty. The snag, the huge rock, are the Italians of whom there are now well over 100,000 settled in the Protectorate against half that number of native-born as distinct from naturalized French. Despite cooked census figures, despite the process of automatic naturalizations, the Italians are in an immense majority, notably in Tunis itself and in the important mining area of Gafsa. And still they throng in, chiefly from Sicily. The French have not the power to stop them—not yet. Not that they have really wanted to, until quite recently. These low-level human beings from Sicily were willing to work for ten francs a day whereas the Maltese wanted sixteen, and the French were only too glad to have them as long as the post-war labour demand lasted. Now it is different. But—the Italians have dug themselves in. Masses of them saved enough, even on their ten francs, to purchase land from the Arabs, and one result is that local wine-growing is almost exclusively in Italian hands, which implies plots and farms, the basic thing in colonization. The Arabs are not very keen about it. They preferred the French who leased land and paid native labour to work on it. The time-honoured Italian system is, of course, to bring along the whole family and put it to work up to great-grandmothers, and this is what is happening in Tunis.

One may say that there is now a contest proceeding between French naturalizations and Italian fertility. The French hope artificially to top the Italian population some day soon, when we may look out for legislative developments of some importance. But while they remain in a minority, the French are holding their hands. One of the developments may be a considerable dispensation with Italian labour and its substitution by Polish, notably in the mines. On the other hand, the Italians have become so part and parcel of the general economic structure that their moving on, in anything like large numbers, is neither practical nor desirable. The ultimate solution must be sought for differently.

It is safe to say that the vast majority of Italians in Tunis are peace-loving citizens only wanting to be left alone and rejoicing to be quit of a stifling political atmosphere. But, unfortunately, they are not left alone. Fascismo has manœuvred so that practically all the pivotal persons in the great Italian colony—doctors, priests, employers, schoolmasters, consular and travel officials, lawyers, architects, engineers, journalists, *restaurateurs*, and so on—belong to the Party, of which they are advance agents on the spot, for ever comptrolling, checking and watching over the multitude of their fellow-countrymen. From the moment he lands, the emigrant is nursed and "kept in touch with." All his local institutions—hospitals, sports clubs, welfare centres, schools, societies, newspapers, entertainments — are deeply impregnated by Fascism. The Italian settler is invited to do and think everything *fascisticamente*, and if he doesn't—he hears about it. (Perhaps he has relatives at home—good—there's such a thing as making life a burden for them). The Italian children in Tunis, who are drilled in Balilla shirts, take oath:

> In the name of God, all powerful; in the name of my mother who gave me life by her suffering; in the name of my father who gave me the happiness of being born a citizen of the most beautiful, glorious, and greatest nation on earth; by the memory of 600,000 brothers who died for Italy fighting heroically on land and sea and in the air; by the sorrowing and tears of mothers and widows and orphans; by the mutilations and wounds of surviving soldiers; by pride in the past and present grandeur of my country; by my firm faith and hope in its future power; I, born an Italian citizen, swear on my honour and conscience that neither by suffering or flattery, neither by want or lure of any kind, will I ever deny my country and that of my ancestors, for which I am ready at any moment to give the strength of my arms, the wealth that is the product of my work and intelligence, and, should it be necessary, my blood and my life to the last breath. So be it!

In support of the gospel of *Italianité* the Fascist Government sees to it that the remarkable vulnerability of Tunis is very evident. Italy's chief naval bases used to be Spezzia and Maddalena. They are now Carloforte (Sardinia) and Trapani (Sicily), each but a few hours' steaming from the coast at Carthage. The island of Pantellaria, but 45 miles from Cap Bon, whither the French have had to send "security" troops because there are four Italians settled there to one Frenchman, has been fortified. The latest type Savoia-Marchetti monoplanes fly daily to and from Palermo in two hours (I took one). The latest type oil-packets ply to and from Naples. Only the very best of everything for "Tunisi." (And is it not difficult to out-do the French?) Similarly, adjacent Tripoli is full of extra special Black Shirts and Regular Army, whose keen young men drill and manœuvre on the desert line of demarcation, causing the French to construct fortifications in the sand — recently inspected by Franchet D'Esperey—and to refuse to extend the railway southward beyond Gabès. This annoys the Duce a lot. He wants that connecting link between "dud" Tripolitania and the going concern that is Tunisia; he wants it for more than one reason; but the French have turned their backs on him, and instead are putting their railway energy into constructing three strategical linking lines with the Algerian system so that should Tunis ever be attacked reinforcements may be swiftly made available. One of the drawbacks (?) of Fascist swagger is that it puts others on their guard. There is ample indication that the official Roman doctrine that "a great Power may be victorious in Europe and beaten to dust in Africa" has not fallen upon deaf ears.

In order to stiffen their case the Fascists have worked out a *calvario doloroso* purporting to set forth French tyranny in relation to Italians in Tunis. That Italians are barred from all civic and public posts, that Frenchmen are paid 33 per cent

(*Continued on p. 292*)

GRAPPLING THE GOLDEN FRANKENSTEIN

At Basle the Bank for International Settlements is Breaking New Banking Ground and Paving the Way for a Central Bank of Central Banks—Key Structure in a New System for Rationalizing International Finance and Curing the Gold-Sickness of the World

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Looked at from any angle it is a significant phenomenon which squats quietly on the hill opposite the railway station at Basle — this bank without cash or cashiers, housed in a five-storey building that was once an hotel, this stronghold of world capitalism planted in the heart of a Socialist-controlled Swiss canton and town.

Bankers call it the B.I.S. (Bank for International Settlements), and most people think of it merely as the banking agency which opened last May to enable Germany to pay reparations without transferring gold, disturbing the exchanges, or provoking any further political explosions.

But it has other functions. Already reparations account for only one-fifth of its business. It extends credits to facilitate crop movements. It is trustee for such big loans as the Austrian £20,000,000 loan. It is the repository of funds from twenty different countries. It is working very actively to improve credit facility and organization in Europe. But its chief interest for a gold-sick world lies in its potentialities as an instrument for operating a new world policy of gold distribution and international credit — in its possibilities as the central bank of central banks.

Before anything like that can happen nationalism in finance will have to end, and the practical corner which America and France have made in gold will have to be broken. At least a measure of that world co-operation for which Mr. Montagu Norman has been working for the last ten years will have to be won. Already, however, the B.I.S. is functioning as a research station where they are breaking new banking ground, and big bankers watch it and its experiences as scientists might watch a momentous experiment promising to produce revolutionary results.

It is worth noting here that many thinkers now assert that it was the failure of the Roman financial system, more even than the assaults of the barbarians, which brought about the collapse of that shining civilization apparently made to endure for ever, and upon Europe a night which lasted a thousand years. And they add that our symptoms—internal financial difficulties, all social classes weighed down by debt, excessive burdens of taxation—are precisely similar to those which Rome exhibited.

But if that is so there is at least bright hope in the fact that we are doing what the Romans never did—making a world-wide intensive effort to diagnose our financial sickness and find a cure.

We recognize now that the problem of the yellow metal which modern man uses as the basis of his currency and credit, is the problem of life itself as we know it in this terrific civilization we have so rapidly (perhaps too rapidly) built up. We have built our civilization upon pillars of gold. Pull them away, or let them crack and neglect repairs, and the whole colossal structure comes crashing down.

What happens when the modern world gets off a gold basis was dramatically illustrated by the state of Europe after the War. Currencies unbacked by gold went sliding into the abyss, and general chaos threatened until America and Britain, with warehouses full of goods and factories making articles that Europe wanted but had not the money to buy, got together in the persons of Mr. Strong, head of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and Mr. Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, who hammered out the scheme to get the world back on a gold basis again.

And things might be all right now if the gold standard the world reverted to had worked smoothly, but it has not. Nationalistic conceptions of finance jerked a spanner into the most delicate part of the mechanism; and now we find the system gutting gold-hungry countries of gold, and forcing still more loads of the yellow metal into the stomachs of nations already gorged to repletion.

The whole system of national central banks and gold movements and reserves is obsolete, and what is needed is world co-operation in the use of the metal upon which the world's economy is founded. Most big bankers now agree that this overdue reform can only be achieved by world agreement on a central institution to act as a central bank of central banks.

Looked at in this larger way, the mutual recriminations of bankers, the moves to stop the gold drain on the Bank of England's vaults, the struggles to get the gold standard working smoothly, the secret talks of financial leaders in state rooms, railway trains, libraries and offices, the reactions of governments to central banks and *vice versa*, and the functioning of the B.I.S.—all these take on a new significance. What we see is no less than the struggles of the guardians of the temple of civilization to grout the weakened pillars and prevent a grand collapse until such time as a new sustaining system can be elaborated and shoved under to take the strain.

The working model of that new system you may see at Basle, in the former Hôtel de l'Univers et de Savoy, now the Bank for International Settlements.

Mr. McKenna, bolder than his brother bankers, put the situation in a nutshell the other day when he explained that production has outstripped banking technique — which is another way of saying that banks and bankers have fallen behind the times. But it was left for Mr. C. E. Neill, Vice President of the Royal Bank of Canada, and a bolder man still, to announce the other day that the principal central banks require revision from top to bottom, and to curse all bankers who hold that the stability of the world's medium of exchange is at the mercy of the elements, and that man has constructed an instrument which he cannot control.

All the bankers criticize directly or indirectly America and France, the two gold hoarders, who have virtually cornered the world's gold supply. America drawing every year across the Atlantic £50,000,000 in gold in payment of War debts, has nearly £1,000,000,000 in gold in her vaults already, but still insists upon having payments made to her in gold and not in goods, refuses to lend abroad, and so lies sprawled over an enormous mountain of yellow metal which she cannot use, yet which, eased into circulation in a world based on gold, would have the effect upon markets that a shower of rain has upon a crop after a period of drought.

France also, insisting upon payment in gold instead of goods, declining to offset amounts owing by loaning abroad, has been drawing gold steadily into those great Paris vaults buried under ninety-six feet of compact rock, protected from undermining by an intricate system of subterranean canals, guarded by eight-ton doors of steel and cement, and organized like a fortress to withstand a long siege. She has piled up in four years a gold stock of £432,000,000, the second largest in the world.

Neither country has perfected its central banking machinery to deal with such an unprecedented situation—nor can either find a use for half its vast accumulation. Yet neither will let gold go. They argue that gold talks, even in time of a slump or a war which threatens the very existence of civilization. You can always arrange credits against gold—in times of crisis better than at any other time.

So France and America cling to the gold they do not need, and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank comes to London and has last-moment talks with Montagu Norman on the liner between Southampton and Cherbourg; and M. Monet, the forty-six year old Governor of the Bank of France—he owes his position to the fact that he was Poincaré's expert when the Lorrainer was rehabilitating the French finances—shrugs and gesticulates in Mr. Montagu Norman's parlour, and the bearded, book-loving financier of Campden Hill says in effect: "My dear fellow, what about it?" and French Treasury officials come to London, and British Treasury officials visit Paris, and a pleasant time is had by all — except the humdrum everyday world of trade and business outside the charmed circle of Treasury officials and central bank potentates, the world of trade which finds commodities and goods too cheap and money too dear.

It all boils down to the now old story of a world which has grown much too fast for the health of its inhabitants, and particularly much too fast for those most cautious safety-first practitioners, the big bankers. While science and invention have been harnessed to the industrial machine, enormously accelerating production and quickening communications all over the planet, and the adventurers of commerce have kept pace with a pæan of praise and a song of joy, the bankers, the controllers of money and credit, the masters of the exchange mechanism, have lagged behind, trotting along with stiff joints and safety-first minds, failing altogether to devise any machinery to carry them on the daring journey from a national to a world conception of high finance. The charters, policies, and operating technique of nearly all the central banks are out of date.

When the big bankers got together at Baden-Baden, at the request of the first Hague conference, to draft the statutes of the International Bank (to receive in instalments and disburse as agents the £1,800,000,000 at which reparations were finally fixed) they took care to make a machine suitable for a larger purpose when and if the nationalistic temper of the human community abated. Each of the seven founder national banking groups subscribed for 16,000 shares of £100 each, these shares carrying voting control. But when the potentialities of the bank became apparent, the central banks of Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Denmark, Austria, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Danzig, Finland, Jugoslavia, Portugal, the Irish Free State, Estonia, Albania, Spain, South Africa, and some of the South American States, hastened to apply for an interest.

The B.I.S. is kept by its statutes aloof from politics and nationalism. It may not lend money to governments, or keep current accounts for governments, or have any government officials or members of a national legislature on its board of directors. It thus assures a scientific, as distinct from an unstable and emotional national-political treatment of its problems. Its main immediate use appears to be as the repository of a gold settlement fund drawn from the vaults of America and France, the first big step in the direction of rationalizing world finance and curing the gold standard of the limp and stammer which distinguish its functioning to-day.

In the future, when the slump is over and the world is fair set toward recovery, it stands as the machine waiting, in going order, to enable high finance to make itself more mobile and catch up with world production, which, owing to the rapid progress of science and invention, and the incredible industry and ingenuity of man, has far outpaced it, so that world trade and industry has really outgrown the money suit, which must be enlarged and eased to fit it and allow for growth in the years to come.

THE FORCE OF DEFENCE: A picture not, as might be expected, from America, but from Sydney. So real do the bankers consider the menace of raiders that the bank officials are given revolver practice with the instructions, "It doesn't matter where you hit a hold-up man so long as you get him"

SNOW *and* SUN

The Champion Skater of the World

THE CHAMPION FIGURE SKATER OF THE WORLD: Two views of Froëken Sonja Henie, who holds both the World's and the Olympic skating championships. She has just won the European championship at St. Moritz. The pairs event was won by the Hungarian holders

A SKI-RUN IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: A party of skiers setting out for the Water Station at Wengen. The rise of this resort to its present fame and popularity has been comparatively recent. From an almost unknown village it now ranks as one of the most frequented resorts

WENGEN EN FÊTE: E. H. Hewett, President of the Wengen Curling Club, putting up a stone on the Kurverein Rink. The annual carnival of the Wengen Curling Club is the great day of the popular resort. The whole place is en fête and a procession of curlers, garbed in grotesque costumes, parades the main streets. A feature of the proceedings is the amusing public initiation of new members of the club

PRINCELY SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS: Crown Prince Umberto and Princess Maria José, the daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, are enjoying a wintry holiday on the slopes of the Italian Alps

STRAIGHT WAYS

Bridging the Gulfs of the World

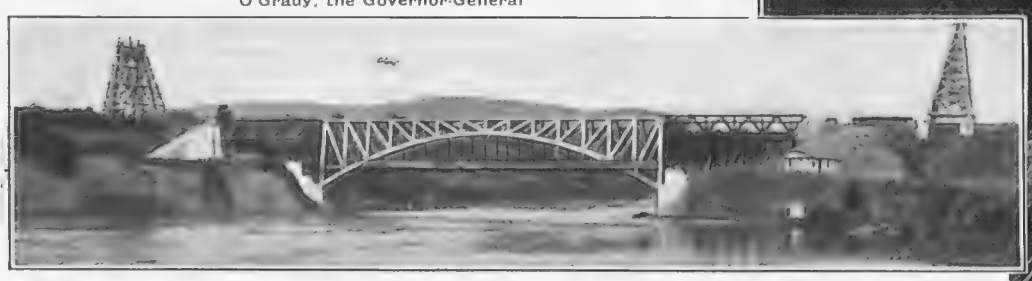
Ewing Galloway

NOT FAITH BUT MECHANICS removes this great mountain in Seattle, City of the Hills. An elaborate system of drills, scoops, and shovels cuts away the towering earth, and a system of bucket-belts and plain belts carries the debris to the water front where it is dumped into scows and voided into an unused portion of Puget Sound

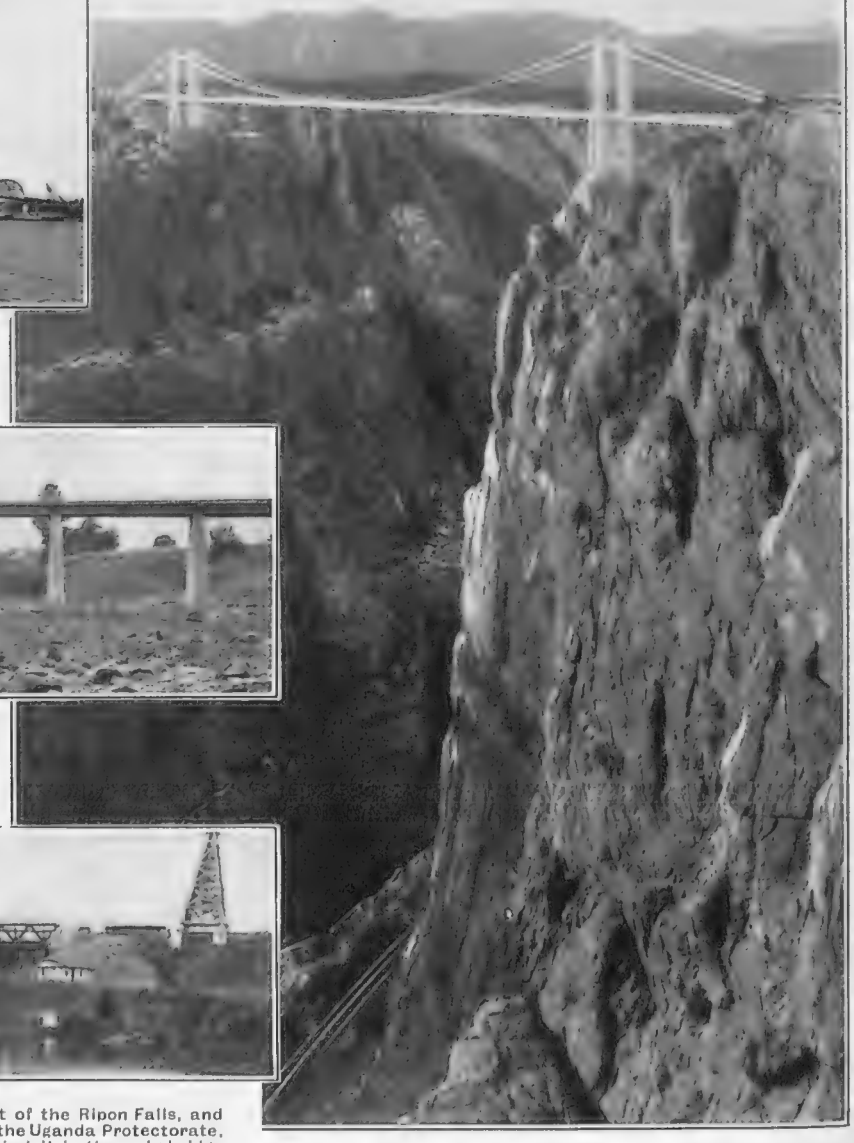
ONE OF FOUR: The Queensboro' Bridge which, with the Brooklyn, the Manhattan, and the Williamsburg, spans the East River, New York. It crosses the river at 59th Street, in the heart of the metropolis. It has been embellished of late with a new motor "ramp," the finishing touches being put to which are seen above

IN "THE TIDE-WATER COUNTRY" OF VIRGINIA: The James River Bridge which, with two other bridges, renders it possible to complete the Coastal Highway System, enabling passengers to reach Norfolk, Va., from the north and to continue south without troublesome detours and ferries. The three bridges total over 5⅝ miles in length

TASMANIA'S NEW BRIDGE: The new Perth Bridge over the South Esk in Northern Tasmania. This replaced the old stone structure washed away in the floods of 1929. Chunks of the old bridge—a masterpiece of its kind, which involved an enormous amount of manual labour—are seen littering the foreground. The new structure was opened by Sir James O'Grady, the Governor-General



SPANNING THE NILE: The new bridge across the Nile in Uganda, within sight of the Ripon Falls, and the Railway extension between Jinja and Kampala, the commercial capital of the Uganda Protectorate, opened last month. The Nile bridge is noteworthy by reason of the fact that it is the only bridge spanning the river between its source and Kosti, some 1,300 miles down stream. The bridge consists of a spandril braced arch, 260 feet 2 inches long, with a 100-foot approach span at each end, the Railway being carried on a top deck over the arch. A 20-foot roadway for vehicular traffic is suspended therefrom. The Railway track is 69 feet and the roadway 35 feet above flood level; and there are two footways. It was completely erected on its own bearings in the builders' yards in England, and afterwards dismantled and shipped to Uganda in sections



THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD: The motor bridge over Royal Gorge, Colorado, a State which boasts some of the most impressive scenery and the most healthful climate in the United States. From the bridge to the bottom of the gorge the drop is 1,053 feet

Pictured News from ABROAD

PAYING HONOUR TO A MUSLIM POTENTATE: The *Seyadat* or Arab Ladies Club of Jerusalem met at Ludd, the funeral train bearing the remains of Mohamed Ali who died in England and was, by invitation, buried in the immediate vicinity of the Mosque at Jerusalem. The Ladies Club presented a wreath and embroidery for the coffin cover, and paid honour to Mohamed Ali's widow

THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT in his robes as one of the heads of the Misericordia of Florence, the society founded in 1240 for relief of illness and accident by a porter of the old market. The heavily hooded robes worn on duty are black

THE JERUSALEM TOMB OF AN INDIAN MUSLIM PRINCE: The room is of Arabic architecture built several generations ago and is situated in the temple area. The burial of Mohamed Ali in Jerusalem, through which he passed by invitation *en route* to the Round Table Conference in London where he died was achieved by consent of his brother. The body was sent to Jerusalem *via* Egypt. The invitation burial is regarded as a stroke of Arab propaganda

IN MUFTI: Four Afridis from the 2nd Battalion Punjab Regiment, a picture taken at the battalion sports, when one of the events was for the "Best dressed man" in the normal mufti wear of his class. The bag hanging from the belt contains their ration of parched corn mixed up with which is their tobacco. When the Peshawar trouble broke out, the Afridis of this battalion were on leave, but not one was a.w.l., nor late on the date of their return

PAINTING THE FAN: Miss Miye Yagihashi, aged eighteen, performs this difficult aquatic evolution during the sports, sponsored by the Imperial Swimming Instruction Society of Tokio, held annually in freezing weather in the Sumida River at Tsukiji. Ice had to be broken to allow the Spartan sports to be held

DRAMA AS THEY CONCEIVE

"THE BREAD WINNER" IN BERLIN: *A group from the Somerset Maugham success, in which Miss Karin Evans, an English girl (seen above top right) has made a great success*

Owing to the shortage of talking pictures in French, and the fact that business depression does not appear to have affected Paris as much as other *metropoles*, the theatres which cater for the inhabitants of that beautiful city are enjoying a certain amount of prosperity.

Marcel Pagnol continues to be very popular, as both his recent successes are still running. I saw *Topaze* again and enjoyed it as much as I did on its first presentation about two years ago. If the French company now playing it in Paris could speak English and had been brought over to London, I am sure it would have been a success here. His other play, *Marius*, deals with life in a small inn in Marseilles, and threatens to run as long as its famous predecessor. I saw it in Paris some months ago, but enjoyed its Berlin production (of which more later) much more.

RUNNING IN PARIS AND BERLIN: A moment from the German production of "Marius" by Marcel Pagnol, author of "Topaze." Fräulein Kate Dorsch, whose brilliant talent is mentioned by Mr. Sherek on the next page, is seen on the right; Herr Tiedke on the left

Alfred Savoir's new play, *La Petite Catherine*, which deals with the intimate life of the great Russian Empress, is still packing the uncomfortable Théâtre Antoine, whilst Sarah Bernhardt's favourite play, *L'Aiglon*, is drawing the more serious Parisians to the theatre named after that immortal actress.

As far as musical shows are concerned there is only one American musical comedy to be seen, namely, an indifferent revival of *No, No, Nanette* at the Théâtre Michodière. There has only been one really successful American musical show in Paris, *Rose Marie*, as it is impossible to cast plays of this nature adequately with French artistes. A recent attempt to produce *Follow Thru* at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs failed miserably. It was re-named *Miami* and mounted in splendid style and yet only ran a few inglorious weeks.

Although I commented some weeks ago on the indifferent production of *Woodbine Bar* at the Palace in Paris it has been running for five months, and will, in a few days, make way for a real Argentine Revue imported in its entirety from Buenos Aires. There is a very strong possibility of this show being seen in London after its run in Paris.

The lavish Casino de Paris revue, starring Josephine Baker, is still doing very good business, whilst the management of the Folies Bergères are busily preparing a new and even more magnificent spectacle than the one at present filling its auditorium with visitors from all parts of the Globe.

ENGLAND'S YOUTH THROUGH GERMAN EYES: A scene from the Berlin production of "The Bread Winner" renamed "Muss die Kuh Milch Geben" ("*Must the Cow Give Milk?*"). *Grey flannels with white shoes and comic patch pockets, not to mention shirt and collar and tie without a coat, are scarcely* comme il faut *in London!*

The management of the Folies Marigny, surely the most attractively situated theatre in the world, felt that the above-mentioned two theatres had had the monopoly of producing spectacular revues long enough, and produced a show which, although having several original features and some good artistes, does not compare favourably with its two more famous rivals. It is written by Saint-Granier, who is responsible for the adaptation of most of the English and American musical shows that have been presented in Paris and who also appears in this revue. He is supported by some good variety acts and by a *diseuse* named Marguerite Gilbert, who is new to me and whom I thought excellent.

On my way to Berlin I was very interested to notice that the Southern Railway, with its usual fine business acumen, was advertising the rustic beauties of England by showing some posters on the platforms of the Gare du Nord in Paris.

A STUPENDOUS BERLIN PRODUCTION: A moment during the spectacular production at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Im Weissen Rössl, *which is set in the Tyrol. The dances are produced by Max Rivers, an Englishman*

I had not been in Berlin for some months, and found that the effects of the depression were very noticeable. Of course, the theatres are suffering very considerably, especially as there are so many more good talking-pictures being made in Germany than in France.

Added to this, the Berlin theatres demand ridiculously high prices for their seats. In most of these, a good stall costs 18s., and as the number of people who can afford these absurd prices is decreasing every day, the managers consider a show to be a success if it runs a month.

Curiously enough, the only straight play to have run over a hundred performances is *Elizabeth of England*, which, in spite of marvellous production and most interesting staging, I found to be rather heavy fare. Then, then, the Germans regard the theatre much more seriously than we do, and seemingly prefer to be instructed than amused or thrilled. This play is magnificently acted, especially by Werner Kraus, who, as Philip of Spain spends twenty minutes on his death-bed before he succumbs. It was

IT AND ACT IT ON THE CONTINENT

Our Dramatic Critic, on a Lightning Tour of the Great Theatrical Centres of the World, Notes a Paucity of American Importation in Paris and a Failure of Serious Drama in Berlin

BY HENRY SHEREK

realistic that I felt almost relieved when he eventually passed away. Agnes Straub's impersonation of the Virgin Queen was a brilliant performance, although at times it was suspiciously like *lèse majesté*. She wears a bright red wig, and shows the Queen to be a ruthless and hard-headed business woman.

Vicki Baum, whose book, *Grand Hotel*, is such a big success and is soon to be done here as a play, has written her first work directly for the theatre. It is called *Pariser Platz 13* and is extremely boring. The dialogue is obviously meant to be smart but is merely pretentious and unfunny and the plot uninteresting. It is the story of a woman of twenty-six pretending she is forty-two to further the interest of her beauty-parlours in various capitals. She of course falls in love with the usual young man, and instead of telling him her right age at once in confidence allows the inevitable three acts to pass before they sink into each other's arms. The entire action, or rather lack of action, takes place in a beauty parlour, and seeing ladies of forty and upwards going through various mysterious and uncomfortable rites in an endeavour to look twenty years of age I found exceedingly gruesome.

The leading female rôle is played by Lili Darvas, who is the wife of Franz Molnar, the world-famous author, whose plays are successful in every country but in England. Her enunciation is not clear, which added to a strong Hungarian accent makes it difficult to understand what she is saying.

Doctor Robert Klein, who produces most of the English and American plays in Berlin, and whose shows I always find extremely well done, is at present playing Somerset Maugham's success *The Breadwinner*, current at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. He has changed the title, for some unknown reason, to *Should the Cow Produce Milk!* Albert Basserman, who has been a Berlin star as long as I can remember, plays the leading rôle but lacks the polish of our own Ronald Squire. The part of his daughter is played by an English actress called Karin Evans, who speaks perfect German. I have seen her play leading parts in Berlin for the last three or four years, but she does not appear to be able to secure an engagement in her native country.

Doctor Klein's other production is Pagnol's *Marius*, which I thought perfect in every respect. It is brilliantly acted and immaculately produced. The name-part is played by Mathias Wiemann, whose rendering of the rôle of Stanhope in *Journey's End* made him famous. I saw this great war play in five different countries, and rank Wiemann's acting of the part a close second to Colin Clive's magnificent performance. Incidentally *Journey's End* has been produced in over four hundred theatres in Germany.

The female lead is played by Kate Dorsch, whom, oddly enough, I last saw in Berlin as a singer, playing the name part in *Frederica*, which was entrusted to Lea Seidl in the London production of that operette. Miss Dorsch shows herself to be one of the very few really great dramatic actresses extant. Her speaking voice is the most musical I have heard on any stage, and her naturalness and restraint show her to be a splendid artiste. A *tour de force* of acting which I shall never forget.

Erik Charel, who is responsible for the sumptuous spectacles at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, has put on the biggest musical comedy that has been produced in recent years. I am used to seeing big shows at this theatre, but his latest effort, called *Im Weissen Rössl*, is so enormous that it is almost impossible to grasp what is taking place, as one huge scene follows another, and hordes of pretty girls and young men, attractively attired in Tyrolean costume, come dashing on to the stage. There is a troupe of real Tyrolese who spend an entertaining ten minutes ecstatically slapping one another's faces. This, I presume, is a quaint old Tyrolean custom.

The show is a musical version of a play which was first produced in Berlin in 1898, and the music is written by Ralph Benatsky, a very well-known and gifted Viennese composer.

When I saw the show the huge theatre was crowded, and the entertainment was evidently much to the liking of the audience. The dances were produced by Max Rivers, who is an Englishman. With very slight alterations during the adaptation, I prophesy that this stupendous production will be a big success when it is presented at the Coliseum in a month or two's time, as it is fast, novel, and amusing.

With the aid of the tax-payer, all the State and Municipal theatres are continuing to present high-brow plays and operas, although generally they are playing to empty houses. Last year the subsidy required by these theatres reached the staggering figures of £9,000,000, but it appears that the Germans feel that to discontinue this expenditure would injure their much advertised *Kultur*.

THE NAVY ON THE STAGE: A scene from the impressive play at the Volksbuehne, Berlin. This drama, entitled Matrosen von Caltaro (*"The Sailors of Cattaro"*) *deals with the revolt of the Austrian fleet*

THE NEW FRANZ LEHAR: Fräulein Gitta Alpar, the Hungarian star, and Herr Richard Tauber, the famous singer, who plays lead in the "Shön ist die Welt" *(How Beautiful is the World) at the Métropole Theatre, Berlin*

A REVISIONIST PLAY IN BERLIN: Foch, Pastisch, Balfour, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson, House, Makino and Paderewski, represented in "Versailles," the great propaganda play by Emil Ludwig, produced in Bremen. Its theme is the justification and justice of Germany's claims for revision of the Peace Treaty

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

INDIA'S BANK HOLIDAY: Priests reading from the Chandi outside the Kalighat Temple, Calcutta, during the Puja festival at which pilgrims, regardless of caste, gather to glimpse Durga, the great Mother

FOR THE OVERFLOW.—Humanity's insistent cry for "More room" in an over-populated world is inspiring the inventive and imaginative to some amazingly fantastic projects. While Italy and Holland are achieving practical wonders in the way of reclamation of land, engineers dream of draining oceans, irrigating deserts, and harnessing the sun to fertilize the empty spaces.

The Sahara, claimed by scientists to have been once fertile and populated, is an incessant temptation to experiment. Dwight Braman, a Boston engineer, told me several years ago of his idea to flood a 47,000 square mile depression lying partly in Algeria and partly in Tunisia which would promote rainfall and fertility, while the damming of the rivers flowing south from the Atlas Mountains would produce one of the largest irrigated territories in the world. Mr. Braman claims to have interested both the French and Italian Governments in the scheme.

The French themselves despatched a mission last year to study the "lost rivers" of the Sahara and the possibilities of making the Sahara Desert the richest granary in the world producing two wheat crops a year. It is calculated that if the maps of hidden waters are made and wells sunk with iron pipes an area of 2,700,000 square miles of fruitful agricultural land would be at the disposal of the ever-increasing populations of Europe.

Hermann Sorgel, however, wants to drain the Mediterranean, obliterate the Adriatic Sea by building huge dykes between Tarifa, Spain, to a point on the African coast, and across the Dardanelles. Engineer Sorgel explains that 50,000 years ago the sea-bed of the Mediterranean was dry land separated by thin bodies of water from Asia, Africa, and Europe. His plan, which he estimates would cost £1,600,000,000, includes the building of a wall 1,110 ft. high in parts, the deflating of air from tanks which would sink, anchor, and take some pressure off the wall being erected, the harnessing of water power, the utilization of the hydro-electric force to pump water for the irrigation of the Sahara.

Another group of German engineers have worked out a scheme to dry up the North Sea by means of two gigantic dams, some ninety feet above sea level, one across the Straits of Dover, the other between Denmark and Scotland. The North Sea is shallow, which facilitates the overcoming of technical difficulties. Such a plan would provide work for legions of unemployed, and eventually furnish some 120,000 square miles of reclaimed land to receive the surplus populations of Western Europe. All that is lacking is the money—in billions of pounds, Britain's consent to becoming a very small part of Europe and the loss of her island security, and a guarantee of international harmony regarding the new boundaries.

In the meantime Holland is increasing the area of its country by 7 per cent. and of its arable land by 10 per cent. through the £60,000,000 Zuyder Zee reclamation scheme, which it is hoped will have added 550,000 acres to the Netherlands by 1932.

Signor Serpieri, Italian Under-Secretary for Land Reclamation, stated in the autumn that reclamation work in Italy would provide employment during this winter for an average of 90,000 men a day. During the financial year 1929–30, expenditure of 1,122,000,000 lire was approved for this purpose.

Germany has found a way of conquering the sterile desolation of her untillable moors. By means of great power stations furnishing light and power for the new districts, and heat for forcing fruits and early vegetables, Northern regions, formerly deserted, have become populated and villages grown into towns.

For those who prefer cooler climes there are always the uninhabited poles. Both Sir Douglas Mawson and Sir Hubert Wilkins, famous polar explorers, impressed upon me at various times that the icelands are far from inhospitable to emigrants, and that mankind could do worse than to try his luck as a colonist of the White World.

BRITAIN FORGES A CHINESE LINK.—China will receive a British gift that should go far to convince the Chinese of the sincerity of Britain's friendship.

Britain, I hear from Nanking, will return to China the tidy sum of £11,000,000 of the Boxer indemnity. Instead of all being used for educational and cultural purposes in China, as previously provided, the British Government, I understand, has now consented that two-thirds of this contribution shall help to close the gap in the Canton and Hankow Railway.

The building of the still missing section in that railway is perhaps the most important piece of construction in China to-day. It will for the first time in history connect Peiping and Canton, North and South China, by rail. It will for the first time give China an all-rail connection from the Siberian-Manchurian frontier to Canton. It will also make possible travel by railway from Lisbon at one end of Europe, to the metropolis of Southern China.

Both commercially and strategically, the closing of this gap, now facilitated by the return of this sum of money to China by Britain, will be of inestimable importance to the Celestial republic. Canton and Hankow—and the latter means the Yangtse Valley—will be brought within hours of each other instead of many days down the Yangtse river and along the coast, past Hong Kong by steamer.

Strategically, it will enable the Central Government to rush troops to disturbed or revolting sections in Southern China, thereby making for peace and order, and the consolidation of government authority.

Of the £11,000,000, a large percentage is to be expended in England for railway material and rolling stock.

TERROR OF THE FUTURE.—Fear of to-morrow, almost universal these days, is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest barrier against restoration of normal economic conditions and a return of prosperity.

Uncertainty of the future, a feeling prevalent in every country on the globe, has had a paralyzing effect upon commerce and trade. This fear of to-morrow has "frozen" millions of pounds sterling, dollars, marks, francs, lire, etc., in banks, in pockets, or in hiding places, which if "working" would rapidly contribute to a "lifting" of economics to something like normal level again.

Everywhere in my travels, I hear this worry about to-morrow, uneasiness and anxiety about the future. People are afraid to make ventures in business, fear to invest their money, do not know what to do, lack confidence in the future. I find this universal mental state as strongly expressed in America as in England, in Germany as in Austria, in Spain, Egypt, India, Brazil, even in France with all her gold reserves. Nowhere is this economic fear of to-morrow so deep or more manifest, strange as that may seem, as in the United States, land of the gospel of optimism and prosperity.

As the business outlook throughout the world darkened, a million voices shouted "save, save!"

False economy will never restore normal economic conditions. People hesitate to buy what they can afford to buy, even what sometimes are necessities, because their faith in the stability of things political or economic, has been undermined or shaken.

Fear of to-morrow must be dissipated, belief in stability re-established, confidence in our institutions and in the future, restored. That, and only that, will "melt" the capital in every country "frozen" by fear, replace consumption on a normal basis, and give work to hundreds of thousands of unemployed.

THE BROWN SOUL OF INDIA.—A skinny little brown man, showing bad teeth when he smiles, wearing a pair of spectacles and little else, naked but for a loin-cloth, calm, serene, imperturbable—Mahatma Gandhi, strange combination of the Christ and George Washington of India, holding the political fate of India and its teeming 320,000,000 people, more than less, in his hand these days. Visionary, mystic prophet, lawyer, statesman, teacher, he is the personification to-day of the soul force of India. With his combined spiritual and temporal influence, this unique figure in Asia sways more millions of people than any other single individual in the world. With none of the panoply of power, no wealth, no army, no navy, yet leader of a new might as powerful as it is intangible and invisible—the soul force of a nation, and creator of the tactics of militant passivism on a national scale, Gandhi has already harmed Britain to the extent of many millions of pounds sterling.

In all its history, the Empire has never had such a man, or such an intangible, unseizable force to deal with. It is difficult to apply force, and to justify it in the eyes of a liberally-thinking world, when not met, or provoked by force, and in a case where thousands willingly and unresistingly go to prison for their aspirations towards national liberty.

Imprisonment, as we have seen, is no punishment for Gandhi, the Heart of India's nationalism. Liberty no special privilege to him. He wants nothing for himself, everything for India and its people. He is incorruptible. Prison bars confine his skinny body, but not his spirit or his soul. Persecution serves but to intensify the love, veneration and faith of the people of India for, and in him. Time has not the Western aspects of hours, days, weeks, months or even years, for Gandhi. India has existed some thousands of years already. Prophet, mystic, dreamer that he is, Gandhi's vision into the future of India penetrates further and deeper than does that of the West.

Those who thoughtlessly criticize the British Government for "weakness," do not know or take into consideration these peculiar elements, or the change that has come over Asia since the World War, when Asia and Africa were drafted to help to dig the grave of the dominance of the White Race.

There is a great gulf between the Western and the Oriental minds, and their ways of thinking.

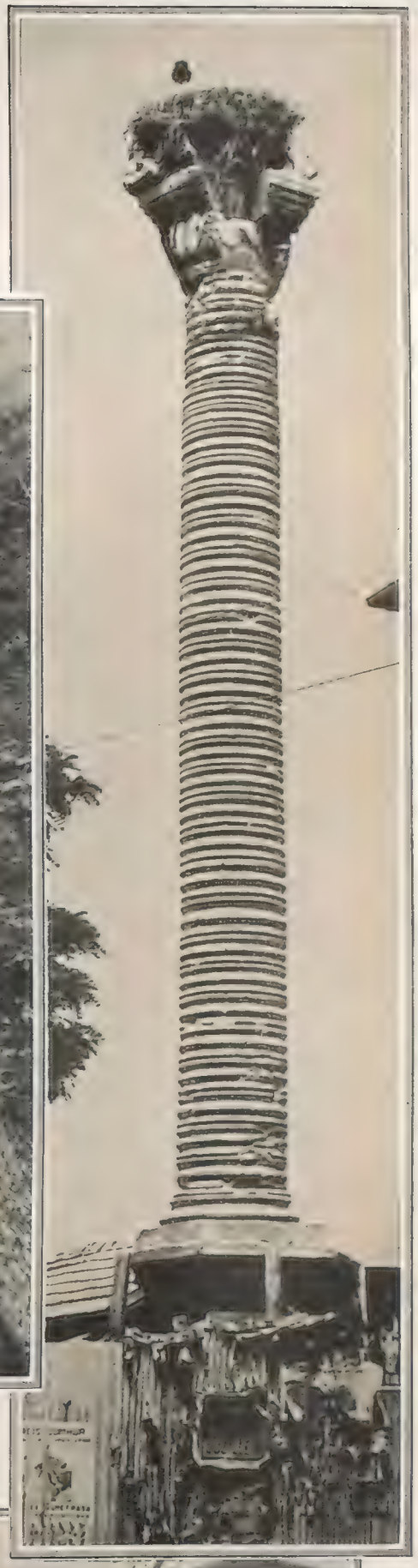
When we compare Gandhi to the steely-hard Stalin of Moscow and his Communism, to the ruthless Kemal Pasha in Turkey, to General Chiang Kai-shek of China, we should be thankful that we have a Mahatma to deal with in India. If Gandhi can be convinced that the greater good of India lies along the road laid out at the Round Table Conference, though he—the heart and soul of India's nationalism, was in prison at the time—I believe that he will co-operate. If he is not convinced, then trying times are ahead for both India and Britain.

ENGLAND IN SOUTH AMERICA: A typical country lane erected in the grounds of the British Trade Exhibition in Palermo, Buenos Ayres, to be opened by the Prince of Wales

TURKEY—OLD AND VERY NEW

THE SUPREME POWER IN TURKEY: Mustapha Kemal Pasha, a camera portrait taken in Angora (pronounced, by the way, *An*gora, not An*go*ra). The Aryan features of the Ghazi are here clearly to be seen

THE CATTLE MARKET: A fragment of the picturesque, congested, and definitely unhygienic one-time capital of Turkey. Now that the centre of Government has been shifted to Angora from Constantinople, the latter town is shorn of its glory



Inset above—THE COLUMN OF JULIAN: The yet extant memorial in Angora to the great Pagan, nicknamed the Apostate, serves to-day as a foundation for a stork's nest

Inset above—"TURKISH LADY IN A CAFÉ": A searching study of the modern and feminist Turk by Fräulein Annie Schroeder, the Austrian artist who has left the field of arts and crafts to concentrate on painting. Fräulein Schroeder is only twenty-six years of age

HISTORY IN STONE: Three eras represented in the stone of Angora. An ancient Roman pillar stands in the central middle distance; a mediæval mosque is undergoing demolition, while in the background are rising new stone buildings for the new capital

TURKEY—OLD AN

A TOUCH OF OLD TURKEY: A couple of customers gossiping over the stove in a shop on a cold day. This is a glimpse of the old Turkey which persists in Stamboul and elsewhere alongside the rapid modernisation under Kemal Pasha

COFFEE AND CONVERSATION: The creator of the New school, the unveiled woman with the power of divorce, and even m him for coffee and discussion on the terrace of his farm, and here dec

PUBLIC ABLUTIONS: A scene redolent of Old Stamboul

ANCIENT AND MODERN: The priest, typical of the old

Turkey's struggle towards Western civilization is one of the most extraordinary features of the post-war period—and Kemal Pasha, who has brought about his country's revival, is perhaps destined to become an historical figure. Amongst the dictators of modern states he undoubtedly stands out by his daring. Others have shown their mettle, but Mustapha Kemal, when he challenged the whole might of the victorious Allied Powers and tore up the Treaty of Sèvres, revealed a Napoleonic spirit of make or break. And he made modern Turkey. He defeated the Greeks, created an independent new state, abolished the Khalifat, abolished the fez and the veil against all religious power and tradition, introduced the Latin alphabet and forced his people to learn it. What he has decreed has become law. A visit to Angora and Stamboul to-day reveals the extent of modernization and also the dragging influence of ancient custom, religion and tradition. Dirt, unfortunately, still remains a feature of the older places, though the new buildings and streets approach the European standard; that illiteracy cannot be overcome in a few years is painfully obvious, but the new schools are a tremendous advance on the past; and though old men turn up their noses at the modern unveiled girls, and the old ladies remain true to Eastern custom, the younger generation knows a freedom which it appreciates and will not go back on despite the scorn of old-fashioned parents and priests. A few years ago such things as the following could not possibly have been. While swimming at Stamboul has been for men a natural athletic sport, mixed bathing has become during these past few years a social phenomenon of in-

AND VERY NEW

New Turkey—the Turkey of the Latin alphabet, the universal even mixed bathing—invariably gathers his political friends round here decisions are taken that may revolutionize the life of the nation

old Islamic order, and two very young Turks

THE MODERN WOMAN—TURKISH VARIETY: A lesson in physical training — one of the many innovations inaugurated by Kemal Pasha. The establishment of the unveiling of women and the right of divorce are other startling alterations that have been gained for what used to be the most backward community in Europe

Pictures by Martin Munkacsy

TURKEY ADOPTS THE LATIN ALPHABET: A typical scene in an elementary school

creasing importance. Not only are the different classes of society becoming accustomed to the sea and to its health-giving qualities, but the closer intercourse of mixed bathing brings Moslem men and women into a different relation to each other from any existing before the War.

When it was decided to introduce the Latin script, the principle was laid down that every word should be written as it is pronounced. There were difficulties and the Turks were not satisfied with their grammar. A well-known Turkish grammarian was entrusted with the task of laying the foundations of a new grammar. The same movement also rejects words borrowed from Arabic and Persian, and revives old Turkish words. According to official figures Stamboul has now 388 schools with 42,875 pupils as against 196 schools and 32,000 pupils in 1908. In the whole of Turkey 500,000 pupils go regularly to school which represents about 3·65 per cent. of the population. Of these 34,200 frequent foreign schools and those belonging to the non-Mussulman minorities. The fight against illiteracy is also carried on in the so called national schools—the night schools giving compulsory instruction to adults in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Last year 549,858 persons, 350,702 of whom were women, attended the schools. The Ghazi determined to have two political parties in Turkey, and that women should take part in Government. Women were the real winners at the last municipal elections at Stamboul. Four women are now municipal councillors of Stamboul and have been elected members of the commissions for hygiene and education.

WILLS's
"CAPSTAN" *are Capital*

A MASTERPIECE OF AFRICA

Professor Julian Huxley's "Africa View" and Other Literary Matters of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

The celebrity who visits New York, whether to look at America, or for an agreed fee to allow America to look at him, will find himself eventually in the house of Mrs. Florence Lamont, the wife of Thomas W. Lamont, the banker. She has for many years specialized in intellectuals, being interested herself in ideas more than things, in brains more than money. Her hospitable house has become something like a needle's eye through which all the European camels have to pass in order to enter, properly visèd into the kingdom of dollars. In her drawing-room you will meet, in half-an-hour, the young men who have done things and the young men who are going to do things, as well as the old men who are cashing in on their immortality.

On one occasion, the recipient of her hospitality, I encountered by the fireplace, as English as the butler who served tea, a young man with that loose fall of hair which suggests predisposition to art or consumption. Thin, assured, voluble, he had something of the exuberance of the junior Common Room combined with a singular impressiveness of intellect. To these qualities was added the somewhat unusual one of great charm of manner. He had come down from his bedroom, where he had been writing, and was shortly to retire to that room again. American bedrooms with their steam-heating are conducive to labour if you are a writing man, but it was something more than comfort that drove this young man to incessant labour. You saw at once that life was too short for him, offered too many problems, opened too many vistas of entrancing research into the how and why and whither of this complex planet.

I am one of those unhappy souls who never catch names on being introduced, but an allusion he made to the Rice Institute in Texas, where he had been working, gave me the clue. I had just come from that place, and the legend of the young, the brilliant, the restless Julian Huxley was spreading like the green bay tree. The charm I identified at once as that of his father, Dr. Leonard Huxley, editor of the *Cornhill*, the intellect, in its free and agnostic attitude, that of the famous grandfather—we can use "agnostic" to-day without insulting a man.

In his brother, Aldous, the family endowment has taken the form of a subacid ironic observation of mankind. He treats life like a zoo, walking from cage to cage of man's imprisoned passions. The weakness of this form of inquiry is that one never gets out of the zoo. Julian, the zoologist and biologist, perversely, never keeps in the zoo or the laboratory. He is so interested in the involved and interacting manifestations of all forms of life that his eye is only intermittently on the microscope. For this reason, while primarily a man of science, he is an excellent journalist. From sunset to sundown, from Pekin to Kilimanjaro, he observes the habits of men, flowers, insects, craters, tribal habits, political creeds, anything and everything that the passionate industry of his eye lights upon. But the greatest charm emanating from his work in which he is most unique, is that, quite unlike any other scientist, he observes and often puts himself between the lense and the slide in the laboratory of his self-critical mind.

As an example of industry here is a packed volume of 450 pages, *Africa View* (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), with fifty illustrations, a map, an index, thirty-six chapters, and not a misprint or a dull line. The reason of his presence in Africa is quite unbiological and illogical. The Colonial Office Advisory Committee on Native Education asked him to go out to East Africa to advise upon certain aspects of native education. I cannot find in Julian Huxley's distinguished short career any qualification for observing natives or aspects of education. "I was very ready to do so," he naively admits. It restores one's faith in the Colonial Office that they should have chosen a biologist as much interested in the tsetse fly and much better informed in its habits as in teaching the bush boy the three R's. The justification of ignoring the claims of an Inspector of Education or the author of ten volumes on the *Public School Spirit in our Colonial Administration*, is here seen in this entrancing book. Mr. Huxley is as alert in holding the tail of a holy lizard as he is in holding the attention of a radio-distracted reader.

While in Shinyanga, observing the battle against the deadly tsetse fly, he observes the battle of his own mind against inherited little Liberalism. He inserts a parenthesis on his own reluctant conversion to Imperialism:

"Reality is a powerful solvent, and contact with the actual work of the Empire, and with men who, like my host here, are engaged upon the details of that Imperial work, do produce a changed attitude. The traveller in Africa, without indulging either the false sentimentality of jingo imperialism, or the false shame of doctrinaire little Englandism, can simply feel proud of belonging to a nation which does a difficult job, demanding such unselfish devotion, honesty, and hard work, and does it on the whole so well. If contact with a bit of the British Colonial Empire has not yet made me a full-blooded devotee of *Kiplingismus*, it has certainly shown me the way to a spirit of Liberal Imperialism."

It is comforting to learn, when the dry rot in the centre of our Empire is all too apparent, that the fringes are sound. So via Kilimanjaro, an interview with a tutelary spirit, and the Eton of Tanganyika, to which every boy brings his own cow and calf, we proceed to a study of the principles of indirect rule, with native judges fining their fellows six cows, to a game reserve in Kenya, to flamingoes and volcanoes at Nakuru, to the origins of Aurignacian man at Elementeita, and the King's School at Budo, where the public school spirit raises a black head, and gives the best education in Uganda to these sons of chiefs for £25 per annum. There is a chapter on mission and missionaries, without prejudice.

"Fortunately there is a strong, broad-minded minority among the missionaries. But it is beyond dispute that outworn theological prejudice has retarded, and is still retarding the enlightenment of Africa; and will continue to do so until the enlightened minority becomes a majority. Relevant here is the grave question whether conversion may not do as much harm as good. Even if, as undoubtedly often occurs, it helps individuals, it may do social harm by rotting the framework of native tradition and tribal ideas without succeeding in putting anything adequate in its place."

And the sum total of a thousand impressions, of incessant journeys, of one of the most pliant, unprejudiced, and analytical minds of our generation:

"I see Central Africa as the one continental bulk where the step from barbarism to civilization has not yet been taken; the one major region of the world still free to achieve a new civilization without destroying the old. And I see England as the country which has the greatest opportunity of helping Africa towards such a future."

Mr. Huxley has given us a book of a great adventure, fascinatingly told, critical, informative, constructive. His 450 pages frightened me, but everyone held me, and at the close I would have doubled them.

When St. John Adcock died there was a sudden outburst of tribute to a man who had spent all his life appreciating the work of others and had never asked anything for himself. *London Memories* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), written by Adcock and delightfully illustrated by his brother Henry, will be treasured by many as the last work of this gifted and charming spirit. He loved and knew his London thoroughly. He had a mind versed in its history and literature, and a liberal spirit that understood every manifestation of its varied life. In this book he makes an historical pilgrimage through London, beginning with the Middle Ages, and telling us just what of beauty and romance we have lost. He knocks at old doors long vanished and shows us Shakespeare with his fellows, the sordid room where Robert Greene passed from life, finding kindness at the hands of Isam, the poor shoemaker, who carried him to his shop at the foot of the hill "neere Dowgate," where now stretches the high blind wall of Cannon Street Station. In that street lived Sir Francis Drake, Warwick the Kingmaker, and to Drake's house at Dowgate came Ben Jonson. The digging of a plague pit nearby Artillery Walk in Bunhill Fields drove Milton from his little house to seek refuge at Chalfont St. Giles. St. John Adcock, pausing at any corner of the City's streets, evokes a cascade of rich memories that come tumbling from his well-stored mind. And from these entrancing pages that renew for us the rich legacy of London life, emerges the kindliness and warmth of spirit of Adcock himself worthy to enter that great gallery of writers who have made London the haunt of genius.

I began Walter Meckauer's *The Books of the Emperor Wu Ti* (Secker. 6s.) with real interest. A poetic fancy, a delicate play of ideas, and the fascinating background of ancient China promised a story of unusual merit. But half-way through I found myself lost in such a welter of demons and necromancy that I faltered. Persisting, I emerged again into the clear beauty of the writer's imagination. Here is a book that will delight enthusiasts of the Celestial Empire and connoisseurs of the flowery sentence.

That business of why we keep to the left side in this island of ours is not so simple as I thought. Informed that it was because we held reins in our left hand and a whip in our right I accepted the reason as final. And now another reader, kindly anxious for my education, writes that my former correspondent from Australia has not gone back far enough. We have retained the old custom from the time when we walked about armed, says my new correspondent. The man on horseback kept to the left so as to retain the reins in his left hand, in order to have his right free for using his weapon. The man walking kept to the right so that his shield, in his left hand, would be towards a possible enemy. Can some reader now carry on the argument with a prehistoric precedent?

My reading this week includes Mr. Fowler Wright's *Dream* (Harrap. 7s. 6d.) and *Poems 1926–1930*, by Robert Graves (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.). Mr. Fowler attempts the wildly improbable and makes it probable. A magician transports us back a million years into the life of Rita, the tree-dweller, or "the simian maid." Here is story telling of the purest and first order. Of Mr. Graves' forty-five poems, I have understood ten, and like two.

> He is a bloody smart sergeant
> And served in the Royal Artillery

will never become poetry in my ears. I must be rather Victorian in my liking for rhyme, rhythm, and reason.

Mr. Sidney Cunliffe Owen has taken for the theme of his novel *Stephen Marconi* (Richards Press, 6s.), the story of St. Catherine of Siena's visit to Pope Gregory at Avignon. It is impossible to see those vast towers and look upon the entrancing landscape without finding the obvious setting of a good story, but the clear fault of this book is that a poet has forced himself to become a novelist. Mr. Owen has an eye for pageantry, the power to create a beautiful scene, a just sense of the music of words, but I feel that his characters never come alive, and that the dialogue is false. This is most obvious in the forcing out of a love story between Stephen and the alluring Elys, the Pope's niece, two puppets that creak at every pull of the strings. If the author had made a historical reconstruction, and been content with that, his sincerity and knowledge might have produced a study of singular beauty and sensitiveness. As it stands, *Stephen Marconi* falls between two stools, two very high stools be it said; there is the agnostic sensitiveness of his study of Catherine, beautifully presented, in constant conflict with a trite and extraneous love interest. I feel a poet has been seduced into writing fiction, and I lament the waste; we have too many novelists, too few poets.

Recommended Books:

Across Africa on Foot, *by Ronald A. Morison* **(Mathews and Manot, Ltd. 18s. net).**—This book makes a good adventurous companion to Huxley's *Africa View*. It is the narrative of a 7,000 miles' trek from Cape Town to Cairo made by two young Australians. The whole journey was done on foot and constitutes a romance of daring and endurance. It is extremely well told.

Albert Grope, *by F. O. Mann* **(Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d. net).**—This long Victorian novel is a delightful history of a plain man through all the phases of his commercial success. The life of a London suburb is portrayed with great detail, but the great merit of this story is its exceedingly human note. Albert Grope is an endearing fellow through every one of the six hundred pages of his life. It deserves a wide public.

The Scented Garden, *by Eleanor Sinclair Rohde* **(Medici Society. 10s. 6d. net).**—The key of this book of the garden is scent. Here is a description of the flowers and bushes that give each month and season its scent. Of great use to the practical gardener, with its lists of plants and flowers, the book makes delightful reading with its mixture of legend and garden lore.

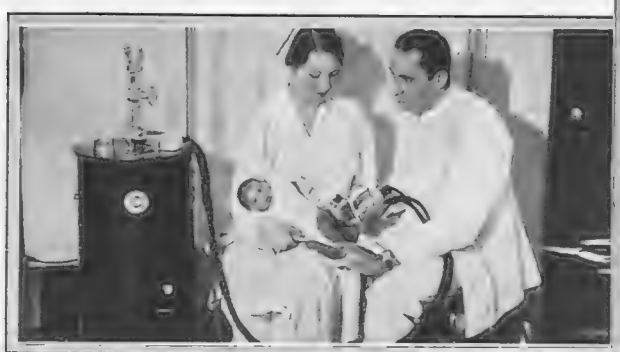
The Moon Mistress, *by D'Orliac* **(Harrap and Co.).**—A review of this book was incorrectly titled *The Merry Mistress*, by D'Orillac

SCIENCE AIDS THE DOCTOR

The Latest Hospital Innovations from All Over the World

THE PERIPATETIC DENTAL CLINIC: Germany's latest solution to the looking after the teeth of rural school-children. In the petrol-driven caravan, which covers an entire district, is all the apparatus—electric drill and heater, hot and cold water, electric cleansing devices, and a filing cabinet for the 6,000 patients "covered"

ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE REPLACES THE SUN: The dull days of winter, when Old Sol is a stranger, have occasioned a great rush, amounting to an overflow, of the babies who throng the London hospitals for light and heat treatment. The kiddy on left, above, is being given heat, that on the right, light, at the Middlesex Hospital



MARKING BABIES: For identification purposes an ultra-violet ray stencil has been installed at the Beth Israel Hospital, Newark, New Jersey. The babies are marked with their mother's name—a process renewed every six months

THE WATER PANACEA: In the Berlin University Institute all diseases not involving an operation are attacked by water, and not by allopathic or homeopathic remedies or, indeed, the use of any drugs whatsoever. The successful methods are peculiar to this institution, which attracts many students from all over the world. A heated spiral for stomach ailments is seen above in action

THE ELECTRIC KNIFE: An Austrian innovation is the use of electric sparks instead of steel for the cutting required in an operation. It is claimed by the great clinics that this method is absolutely germ-free, as bloodless as possible, is less painful, results in quicker recovery, and leaves only a smooth and unobtrusive scar

A COMING BOON: A private patient's room in the West London Hospital where it is proposed to erect a new wing of one hundred such rooms and to make a weekly flat-rate charge to cover nursing, treatment, and surgeons' fees, no matter how expensive these may, in special cases, prove to be. The hospital is making an appeal for the funds needed to carry out this admirable plan

ARDENT ENTHUSIASTS

For Many Open-Air Sports

"PLAY UP, YOU FELLOWS, PLAY UP": Enthusiastic spectators at the Rugby match between St. Thomas's and King's in the first round of the Hospital Rugby Cup. The match was played at Richmond

AN ACTRESS AS CAMERA "MAN": Lady (Neville) Pearson (better known, perhaps, as Miss Gladys Cooper) takes a cinematographic record of the thrills of the Eton Steeplechase, one of the great events at the famous Royal school

BRAVING THE WINTRY WIND: Hearty, but well wrapped-up, spectators at Richmond when King's met St. Thomas's in the first round of the Hospital Rugby Cup

A TINY FOLLOWER: Master Bobby Emanuel, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emanuel, who have taken Rockingham Castle for the hunting season, at the special Children's meet of the Quorn held at the Master's house, Baggrave Hall

WELCOME WARMTH: A brazier is a friend indeed, not only to the night-watchman, but to the many enthusiasts for aviation in the icy weather of winter. A group at a private aerodrome is seen above taking full advantage of a moment's warm

NELSON THROUGH GERMAN EYES:

Another Attempt to Envisage the Complex Character of the Victor of Trafalgar

The subtle problem of the character of Horatio Nelson has during the past few years been engaging the close scrutiny of several able biographers. The latest of them all to appear in print is Friedrich M. Kircheisen, whose volume —*Nelson, the Establishment of British World Dominion*—has just been translated by Mr. Frederick Collins and published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Herr Kircheisen is considered by his compatriots to be the greatest authority on Bonaparte, and it was not an unnatural step to move from the contemplation of Napoleon to the victor of Trafalgar. This is the first volume published in German to deal exclusively with the life of Nelson. It may be said at once that the author gives a very vivid, readable and all round picture of Nelson. He does not whitewash England's popular hero, nor does he minimise his virtues. He underlines, for instance, the way in which Nelson persistently exaggerated his complaints, but at the same time invariably sought to get back upon the sea no sooner had his foot touched land. The most novel contribution to the book is the intimate personal description of Nelson and his life on board ship, which we here quote:

"In Nelson's outward appearance there was nothing to reveal the man who must be considered as the greatest naval genius, not only of England, but of the modern world.

"Nelson was of small stature and had a plain, lean face bronzed by the sun. His whole personality left little impression of an imposing, manly, and heroic character. After having suffered the loss of an eye at Calvi and his right arm at Teneriffe he looked quite a cripple. In this insignificant looking man however there dwelt a thoroughly well-balanced, vigorous mind eager for great deeds. To be sure he had a great weakness for the sex, which he could not resist and which made him the perfect slave of an ambitious and dominating woman. In spite of the many hardships he had gone through and numerous wounds he had received Nelson was a very healthy man, even though he complained continually about the state of his health, a fact which may perhaps be attributed to temporary fits of depression. The only justification for these periodic complaints were attacks of gout and pains in the stump of his amputated arm. Nelson would certainly have lived to a great old age if he had not died a violent death, for when the surgeon of the *Victory*, Beatty, opened the body of the dead Admiral he found that all his internal organs were perfectly sound.

"Still, it was perhaps for the best that Nelson's career came to its well-known tragic end, not only because it was always his dearest wish to fall in a victorious battle for England but also because he would doubtless have become blind in a few years. The sight of one eye had gone completely since the siege of Calvi and that of the other was continually getting weaker.

"When Nelson was on board ship—and that was the greater part of his life—he rose early, mostly just after daybreak. In summer he used to breakfast at six o'clock, in winter at seven. For breakfast there were tea and hot rolls, toast, butter, eggs, cold meat, etc. During his last campaign the following persons were usually present with him at breakfast: Rear-Admiral Murray, Captain Hardy, Nelson's private secretary, John Scott, the chaplain of the same name, one or two of the ship's officers, and the fleet physician, Doctor Gillespie. When Nelson was neither writing nor reading, nor occupied with the practical duties of his ship, he used to walk about on the quarter-deck. He mostly spent six or seven hours of the day in this manner. While he walked up and down he used to think a great deal, and often went into his cabin to put his thoughts on paper. During his leisure hours he liked to converse with his officers. His last captain, Hardy, was a great favourite of his, and after his last departure from England, he used to discuss with him all the details of what would be done with his body in case of his death. He had also taken Hardy into his confidence in the matter of his love-passion, and liked to talk with him about Lady Hamilton and his daughter.

"As a rule the Admiral dined after half-past two. At table there were seldom fewer than eight or nine persons, mostly officers of the ship. When the weather was favourable he used to invite his admirals and the captains of his squadron to dinner. As Nelson himself laid great stress on formality and would not tolerate the least abridgment of authority the officers all sat exactly according to their rank; but, on the other hand, he was very cordial and obliging in conversation.

"His favourite dishes were fowl and maccaroni. He seldom drank more than two or three glasses of wine, and then he mixed it with Bristol or ordinary water. In his later years he was very abstemious and avoided meat and alcoholic beverages.

"Dr. Gillespie gives a very pleasing picture of the life on board ship. One gathers from it that the officers did not live at all badly on a British Admiral's ship over a hundred years ago. In the description given by the British Fleet physician we read: 'At 2 o'clock a band of music plays till within a quarter to three when the drum beats the tune called "The Roast Beef of Old England" to announce the Admiral's dinner, which is served up exactly at 3 o'clock, and which generally consists of three courses and a dessert of the choicest fruit together with three or four of the best wines, champagne and claret not excepted; and what exceeds the relish of the best viands and most exquisite wines? If a person does not feel himself perfectly at his ease it must be his own fault, such is the urbanity and hospitality which reign here, notwithstanding the numerous titles, the four orders of knighthood worn by Lord Nelson, and the well-earned laurels which he has acquired.

"'Coffee and liqueurs close the dinner about half-past four or five o'clock, after which the company generally walk the deck, where the band of music plays for near an hour. At six o'clock tea is announced, when the company again assemble in the admiral's cabin, where tea is served up before seven o'clock, and as we are inclined the party continue to converse with his lordship, who at this time generally unbends himself, though he is at all times free from stiffness and pomp as a regard to proper dignity will permit, and is very communicative. At eight a rummer of punch with cake or biscuit is served up, soon after which we wish the admiral a good-night (who is generally in bed before nine o'clock).'

"As already mentioned, Nelson was extremely energetic and needed sleep. Often he did not go to bed at all, but spent all the night on deck. He was so hardened by his service at sea that he seldom wore a warm cloak. He had also a dislike for high boots and preferred wearing buckled shoes. In wet weather he was therefore obliged to change his shoes and stockings often.

ONE OF NELSON'S COMMANDERS—Sir Hyde Parker, as recorded by Romney, gives a realistic picture of an eighteenth-century English naval commander. The portrait is taken from the latest life of Nelson which is here commented upon

This portrait by Lemuel Abbott, R.A., was evidently a more or less flattering one, for it was approved of by Lady Nelson. Nelson's own coat is preserved in the Royal Hospital, Greenwich

"Nelson's letters to the Admiralty asking them to relieve him of the chief command on account of bad health are numberless. I will only quote from a note of August 15, 1804, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. W. Marsden, in which we read: 'I feel it my duty to state to you for the information of their Lordships that I consider my state of health to be such as to make it absolutely necessary that I should return to England to re-establish it. Another winter such as the last I feel myself unable to stand again.'

"It is characteristic that Nelson wished to return to his foggy country just in the bad season of the year, while nowadays in similar circumstances we do exactly the contrary. Moreover, we found that, for the same reason, Admiral Sir John Jervis wished to spend the winter in England. It is a peculiarity of Nelson's mentality that directly on his return to England after striking his flag, in spite of his alleged bad health, he usually asked to be re-appointed.

"Again, on the 13th of March, 1805, Nelson wrote from off Toulon to the Admiralty asking for permission to return home to England for a few months in order to restore his sadly-weakened health. Shortly afterwards the pursuit of the Franco-Spanish fleet to the West Indies began, and as Nelson seemed now to be approaching the goal of his wishes, his complaints ceased hereforth.

"A final word must be said about the fate of Lady Hamilton, the object of Nelson's great love. I should like to underline the word 'Nelson's,' for, in all probability, the love was only on his side. Probably Lady Hamilton never loved anyone but Greville, and it was only very gradually that she got over the desertion of her lover, who was glad that his uncle had taken her from him. It is safe to say that her interest in Nelson lay not so much in his personality as in his fame."

DRAMA

HEAVY AND LIGHT

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Miss Mary Ellis and Mr. Donald MacDonald in the Eugene O'Neill tour-de-force *"Strange Interlude" which employs the device of the soliloquy at the Lyric Theatre*

Special "Sphere" Picture

THE IMPROPER DUCHESS: Miss Yvonne Arnaud and, from left to right, *Messrs. Power, Cochrane, Ide, Cellier, Ferrier and Leahy at the Globe*

A COSTUME PLAY: Miss Mary Glynne as Madelon, afterwards Countess of Rocklitz, mistress of the Elector of Saxony, with her father, played by Mr. Norman V. Norman. The play, running at the Duke of York's, is adapted from the magnificent novel by George Preedy

THE WOMAN, THE LOVER, AND THE FRIEND: Mr. Basil Sydney, Mr. Ralph Morgan, and Miss Mary Ellis in "Strange Interlude," the remarkable play by Eugene O'Neill running at the Lyric Theatre. The theme of the drama, made clear by asides spoken in monotone to represent the thoughts of the various protagonists, deals with the various emotional phases through which the woman, brilliantly played by Miss Mary Ellis, passes. The four notable influences she encounters are her father, her husband, her lover, and her son

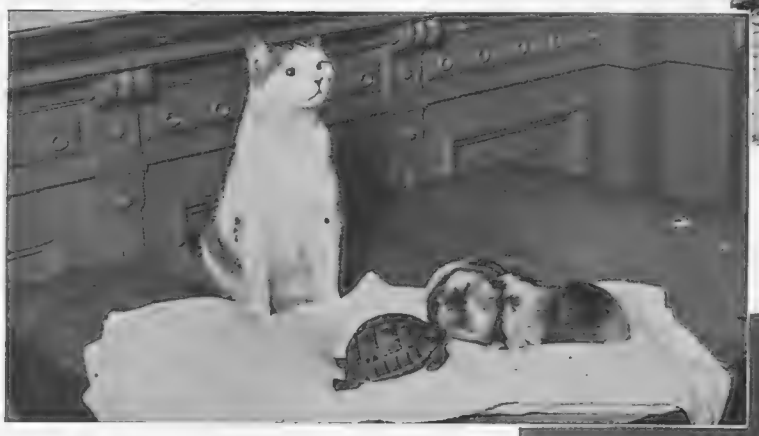
A FAMILY CONCLAVE ON FAMILY HONOUR: Miss Mary Glynne as the daughter, Mr. Norman V. Norman as General von Neidschutz, the father, who sells his daughter to the Elector (Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, seated) while Count Sturm (Mr. Felix Aylmer), the old intriguing politician (with his pet monkey in his arms), pulls the strings

PETS *from* MANY LANDS

Attractive and Grotesque Denizens of the Animal World

"LADY OF THE MOON": A magnificent feline prize-winner at the Annual Atlantic Cat Club Show held at the Hotel McAlpine, New York. Lady of the Moon is owned by Miss E. Payne of Washington D.C. It was adjudged one of the loveliest in the show

A BILL TO MAKE MR. SNOWDEN'S LOOK SMALL! A striking example of the Toucan or Toco, a tropical American rhamphastoid (curving-beaked) bird. They feed entirely on fruit and have gaudy plumage. The huge beak is formed of a thin shell and a spongy interior. The name is onomatopoetic, deriving from the cry of the genus Tocáno



THE HAPPY FAMILY: A cat, a turtle, and two guinea-pigs who sojourned together in amicable intimacy at the Fifth Berlin Cat Show. The mixture is quite remarkable

"PALS, PARDNER, PALS": A pair of intimates that sets at nought the traditional enmity between birds and dogs. "Ruffles" the dog, and "Sing-Sing" the canary, live together and play together in perfect amity. "Sing-Sing" has not yet even complained of his feathers being ruffled

"CHILLI BOM-BOM": The smallest deer ever born in captivity. At birth it was only the size of a fairly grown rat. Now, at a month old, he is but a foot in length. The baby, who has been named "Chilli Bom-Bom" after a song, and because his mother came from the Chilian Andes, is literally worth his weight in gold

MODERN WOMEN

Notables in the Feminine Sphere

THE ONLY WOMAN PREACHER IN PARIS: Mme Arthur Blocher who preaches on Sunday afternoons in the Tabernacle on the northern outskirts of the capital. She has preached since 1929 when M. Blocher died, and she is the daughter of the founder and Pastor Emeritus of the Baptist Church in Paris, Dr. R. Scillens

A TALKIE STAR IN THE BRITISH HEAVEN: Miss Margot Grahame, the nineteen-year-old actress who was, with no previous experience of big parts, selected by Mr. Seymour Hicks to play lead opposite him in *The Love Habit*. Miss Grahame was born in Canterbury

THE V.C. OF SPEED: Mrs. Stewart, presented with the Gold Star of the British Racing Drivers' Club. She holds the world's 10-mile record, with 128 m.p.h.

Right: A JAPANESE BUTTERFLY: Miss Yoshiko Miyakawa, who at the age of nineteen is singing the title-rôle in the famous Puccini opera, in Paris

TAKING A STROLL OF 2,000 MILES: Miss Lucy Randall, the twenty-year old Londoner, who has just set out on a 2,000-mile walk to gather folk-lore and legends for a book. She hopes to pay her expenses by writing articles for local papers *en route*. Her line of march runs to Land's End and thence to John o' Groats and back again to London

MODERN OXFORD: A typical undergraduette in cap and gown. The push-bike is a favourite method of conveyance among undergraduates and undergraduettes who do not own motor-cars. Most girls have a basket, rather than a carrier, for their books

The World of Women

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

TRANSFORMING *an old-fashioned* FIRE-PLACE

Frequently when it is desired to modernize an old-fashioned interior a large part of the effect may be obtained by transforming the fire-place and overmantel. An example of the kind is illustrated by our photographs which show rooms in an old house at Chiswick to which an excellent modern character has been imparted. This has been done very largely by modernizing two fire-places.

A typical old-fashioned fire-place in its original condition

In modernizing this small room in a house at Chiswick the original mantelpiece has been concealed behind an up-to-date wooden fitment, painted cream

Painted grey, with base and side strips of silveroid, and light pastel green wallpaper, this wooden fitment conceals an old and unsightly fire-place. (Maxwell Foy, Archt.)

One of our pictures shows the coal grate and marble mantelpiece in their original condition. The transformation was effected by removing the grate and enclosing the mantelpiece behind a specially designed fitment of wood, in the centre of which is an up-to-date gas fire. In the case of the fire-place seen in the illustration on the right, the top of the marble mantelpiece has been left exposed; but in the room with bookshelves in the corner, the marble top was removed. Limitations of space made it undesirable that the fitment should project too far into the room.

The colour scheme in each of these rooms is quiet and pleasing. In one room the mantel is painted cream, the walls being warm drab and the curtains red. The books play their part in the scheme, for the bindings are brown, red, and gold.

In the other interior, of which the fire-place is a central feature, the colour scheme is in grey, green, and silver. The mantel is painted a soft grey against a background of modern wall-paper in light pastel green. The fire itself occupies a recess marked by three "steps" at each side; the sides of these "steps," and also the base on which the fire stands, are silveroid. This provides the silver element in the decorative scheme and also, when the fire is alight, has a warm glowing effect by throwing out a reflection of the fire. The surround to each of these fires is armour-bright steel.

A point of considerable importance is the fact that the fires are raised six or seven inches from the ground. This, it is claimed, adds greatly to the effectiveness with which the fire heats the room.

The cost of a transformation such as this must, of course, depend to some extent upon the character of the interior to be dealt with, but in most instances it should work out at less than £10. The fitment can be supplied complete by a joiner, after which it must be fixed and painted.

B. B.

The PSYCHOLOGY *of* COLOUR

By DEREK PATMORE

How many of us stop to analyse our feelings and reactions to colour? Yet modern scientists tell us that the colours we live with can make us either happy or utterly miserable. A room may be cheerful, restful, or thoroughly depressing by reason of the shades selected for its decoration. In one of the best books on this subject, *Form and Colour*, its author wrote: "The true main elements in (decorative) art are form and colour. Of these form, in its essence, is a process of definition which lends itself spontaneously to the operation of the intellect, while colour, in its essence and divorced from form, is the natural medium in which sensuous and emotional, as distinct from rational impulses express themselves."

The way in which colours affect us is mostly due to suggestion and the association of ideas. For example, yellow and orange will naturally suggest sunshine to us, and for this reason these two colours are excellent ones to use in the decoration of your homes for they are essentially happy colours. Blue is associated in our minds with peace and quiet, and is therefore a restful colour and eminently suitable for a bedroom. A dark blue ceiling will be found very soothing, but in this northern climate it is advisable to use a warm colour like apricot, lacquer, or a warm buff yellow with blue, as blue is essentially a cold colour.

We associate red and crimson with violence and passion and so these colours are restless and disturbing to live with, and should be avoided in the decoration of rooms, except in small touches. Moreover, these two shades together with brown will darken a room, and in England, where rooms tend to be dark anyhow, sombre colours will unconsciously depress us.

Green is a very complex colour, and scientists and philosophers have devoted much study in order to explain its manifold attractions for us. Undoubtedly, it is one of the most popular colours, and is a very satisfying and restful colour to live with. I suppose we like green because unconsciously it suggests Spring and the countryside, and Spring, ever since pagan days, has been associated with life, gaiety and happiness. Hence the origin of May-day and other such festivals.

Black used to be considered funereal and morbid, but modern science has destroyed a great deal of our fear of death, and black is much used in modern decoration especially as a background, for no other shade shows off so well the brilliancy and effect of other colours placed against it.

It is an interesting fact that to-day our chief tendency is to avoid so-called warm and restless colours such as red, orange and brown, and prefer to use cool colours. Perhaps this is because we live in a mechanical age and seek refuge and quiet in our homes. There are two main members in the family of cool colours—green and blue. These two colours are very closely related, and it will be found that varying shades of blue and green will practically merge into each other. So close is this relationship between green and blue that the Japanese have but a single word to express both blue and green!

Cool colours make for distance. For instance, a room decorated in red will look quite small compared with the same room decorated in green. A red carpet will also make the same room appear smaller whilst a green carpet would seem to give the room more space.

It has been said that "the art of contrast is one of the secrets of good decorating." Modern decoration is all in favour of sharp contrasts in colours. The greatest colour contrast is black and white, and one of the reasons for the modern preference for black and white, as well as grey and silver, is the fact that these colours are neutral and lend themselves to combinations with other colours.

Finally, for those of you who are interested in the psychology of colour here is a list, compiled by a world-famous decorator, of colours that match well together: *Red* goes well with white, yellow, brown, orange. *Orange* goes well with white, red, brown, and yellow. *Yellow* goes with white and brown. *Green* goes with white, yellow, red, blue, brown and black. *Blue* goes with white and black. *Purple* goes with white, red, blue, and black. *Grey* goes with all colours including white. And finally *Black* will match all colours except white.

The EYES *of your* HOME

Decorative Window Treatments and the Discriminating Use of Curtains and Pelmets Give Distinction both Within and Without

A feature of this unusual window treatment by Rowley is the pelmet, which is in lustre glass in blue and gold held securely in position with brass pins. The curtains are a modern blue and gold brocade

A simple treatment by Djo-bourgeois. The curtains hang simply on a metal curtain runner and are without pelmet. They are carried out in silk in tones of silver, light and dark blue, and a little scarlet. The screening curtains are cream net

Curtains in silvery white silk repp, hand-painted design are used for these windows. The pelmet is of waxed French walnut harmonizing with the furniture, which is in walnut and macassar ebony

In this dining-room the window is screened with pale yellow muslin, the "double crossing" of the drapery being a style introduced from Paris, and one which gives a delightfully warm lighting effect to the room. The side curtains are heavy golden yellow satin, the shaped pelmet is a pleasantly severe finish to the soft draperies, and is carried out in a similar material to the curtains and trimmed with red braid and fringe

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

A modernistic cretonne in warm sunny colours with bright accents of red and blue is used for these window curtains, the screening curtains being primrose net. The escalloped pelmet, of plain canvas material, has insertions of cretonne similar to the hangings

THE DEAD SEA: Across this saline lake the hills of Moab rise in shades of brown, all details being obscured in the blinding sun

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The Artists' Mecca, PALESTINE

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, WC.2

PSEUDO-CUBIST: The village of Siloa, whose primitive Arab architecture approaches the ultra-modern in effect. These simple square-walled buildings rise picturesquely from a rocky outcrop

Palestine is becoming a Mecca for the artist. It possesses all those features that attract the artist, but particularly the landscape artist to its variegated scenery. It is a land of variety, of contrasts and contradictions, of profusion of colour, of artistic wealth unmatched and unsurpassed; a land where, to paraphrase a classical word of Sir Herbert Samuel, the biblical and even pre-biblical era meet the twenty-first century that is not yet, and most important of all, a land where the sun never sets—almost literally. Here the sun unveils the hidden secrets of Nature and exposes them to the eye. It radiates and penetrates both the air, the earth and the sky. Little wonder that since time immemorial the little land of Palestine, for all the physical vicissitudes it has experienced, for all the political fluctuations that have played havoc in it, has acted as a powerful stimulant to the elevation of the soul from its earthly surroundings. It has inspired seers, prophets, and saviours of a depressed humanity.

In Palestine the crystal-like air at day-time gives way to a night of equal purity and transparence, and both enable man to lift himself from the material, the base, the concrete, to celestial heights. Here is a vast, almost unbounded field of creation; here are scenes in which Nature reflects the inherent cleanness, the purity of the soul. Take a picture where an Arab camel-driver, driving his camel towards dusk at the cross-roads, chants his monotonous hymns to "Allah Who hath brought His day to an end." The sun could hardly have had a more worthy companion to its place of repose than this chanting Arab camel-driver.

Yonder, in a hidden corner sits a shepherd, rugged, miserable-looking, yet so indifferent to his surrounding, nay, not his own surrounding, but man's earthly surrounding. He is the same shepherd whose predecessors have composed the glorious psalms in the hillside of Judea, the direct successor of the other, equally romantic shepherd of the Arabian Nights who has charmed us all with his monotonous tales. Only the tender, creative genius can comprehend his complex, yet so simple soul. These remarkable phenomena of Nature were the source of so much inspiration, the birthplace of so many creative geniuses, who have enriched the spiritual heritage of the human family.

If you stand on the summit of Mount Carmel a large section of the country will unfold itself before your eyes. The view, as far as the eye can reach, is unique and indescribable. The deep azure of the endless sea on the right matches so harmoniously with the equally boundless vista on the left. The effect produced by the combination of a flood of light and sun and the blue of the sea and sky would require a Tennyson to describe. Primitive man, like his descendant of to-day, the Bedouin inhabiting the tents of Kedar, who was incapable of gauging supernatual conceptions, has hereby created with the aid of symbols of Nature, signs and imaginary reproductions of his Maker. These beautiful revelations turn in the faithful hands of Mother Nature into a plethora of hue and colour which the European artist could ill afford to ignore.

Mount Carmel, on the other hand, recalls the beautiful landscape of the Midi, in Southern France, and of the Italian Riviera. They furnish us with scenes of sunset and sunrise which most European artists have interpreted so plastically on their canvas. Yet there is a difference: here a certain holiness, a sacred isolation hovers on the sunset or sunrise which is lacking in corresponding phenomena elsewhere. The sun reigns here in all its splendour and supersedes all other movements and apparitions of Nature.

The Judean countryside, so poor in verdure and vegetation offers contrasts which strike you in their conspicuousness. A few old isolated olive trees, which man (could he have been primitive man?) has planted within distances of about a dozen yards from each other, are the monotonous accompaniment of an unusually sterile background; the naked hillside appears to the eye as a truly sun-bathed oasis. The slender shadow thrown by a few scattered peaks and cliffs enables the discriminating eye to encircle the whole as within a natural frame. How picturesque the landscape appears in its naked savageness! Where else can one find the heat of the sun washing so unperturbedly the natural construction of the landscape, those mute and bare cliffs and rocks which have been standing there for millenia, perhaps, testifying to the unchallenged and supreme reign of the sun!

The regions of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Dead Sea depression have made themselves conspicuous in their history for their excessively inhospitable disposition. Here is a mountain standing as though it were cut and chiselled by Nature into one homogeneous rock which has never welcomed to its fold any vestige of verdure. For such vegetation as has here existed has either disappeared by the lack of tending hands or has been burnt by the heat of the evaporation of the salted waters of the Sea of Death. Here stands a little oasis—Ain Gedi—the Spring of the Goat, where trees silently pursue their unproductive growth. But the whole scene which bathes in a profusion of sun and light cannot fail to impress you as a picture of unforgettable tragic splendour.

J. S.

The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight

"Dine by 'Nell Gwynn' Candlelight," says Fashion

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their dining-tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight. Candlelight is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining-table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed and not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are Most Acceptable Gifts

As gifts "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new Gift Box containing four 14-in. Candles with four flat Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box, costing only 5/-, makes an ideal Prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of Other Days," to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. G, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles I.

For Decoration Too

The slim elegant shades of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the sideboard and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours and 10 different varieties.

Aldwych

Alan MacNab Fecit

JOHNNIE WALKER

sees a quaint encounter

Issued by John Walker & Sons Ltd at Kilmarnock — *Distillers of fine Scotch Whiskies since 1820*

TUNIS: The Polish Corridor's Rival as the Greatest Danger to the Peace of Europe

Italy and France at Loggerheads in the North African Province—a Striking Revelation by "The Sphere's" Special Foreign Correspondent

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(*Continued from page* 269)

higher wages on the railways, etc., that every obstacle is placed in the way of Italian nationals settling the land, that these work as semi-slaves to enrich the protecting Power, that they are harshly treated by the police and coerced into applying for naturalization, are some of the "high lights" of this calvary, supposed or real. The French, for their part, hold that the historic obsession (Carthage haunted Rome until it was deleted: so also must Bizerta be removed) has gone far enough, and that a new regime is overdue in Tunis. The Italian bourgeoisie must cease proclaiming "*Italia sopra tutto*," and Italians generally must reconcile themselves to becoming merged in the population of the Protectorate which has given them so much, as distinct from leading a life segregated and apart, from the cradle to the grave.

The French do not, as things are, envisage formal annexation without prior arrangement with Italy. The latter demands the Turkish inheritance of the desert south of the present Libyan demarcation line, and the recent Italian arrival at Kufra renders the claim current politics. Rome would then waive its frontier claims under the secret London Treaty of 1915, and be disposed to come to some form of accommodation in regard to the status of her nationals in Tunis. To this the French answer is: *rien à faire*. While willing to modify existing Tripoli frontier lines, and to give more Tunisian phosphates to Italy (600,000 tons annually were agreed to at the Paris Peace Conference), France sets herself against any bargaining alteration in the claimed Tibesti desertland, which would lay the path open to Chad and French Equatorial Africa. The Italians already possess all too vital caravan routes in Tripolitania; any farther pushing south by them would jeopardize French plans for opening up Central Africa, notably by the building of a trans-Saharan railway. The Italians must be satisfied with distinctly less. And, in return, must stop their "*a noi!*" propaganda and general impossible bearing in Tunis, whose Italian settlers enjoy all the benefits of French freedom and none of the burdens attaching to life in contemporary Italy, and should be the first to work in with France on that account. If they were left alone, specifically, Italians must come under the same gradual naturalization process as Great Britain agreed to in regard to the Maltese, and pending that, a new Press law must be made operative obviating the present persistent attacks and criticism of local Italian publications; the Fascists campaign offering a Republic to the natives, with Italy in possession of Bizerta for which tribute would be paid, must terminate forthwith; any Beylical undertaking giving Italians more favoured treatment than French or natives must become a dead letter; the Resident-General shall have the right to expel whom he chooses; there must be a Tunisian Customs Union with France; no more foreign municipal councillors; and French nationals shall no longer in any civic matter be treated as foreigners, but exactly as they were at home in France. In sum, the thin end of the wedge preparatory to annexation "with Beylical sanction," and some of which changes are expected to follow on M. Doumergue's forthcoming visit. It will be interesting to see how the Fascists take matters. At present France and Italy solemnly renew every three months the 1896 lack of agreement.

NOTES and NEWS

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL

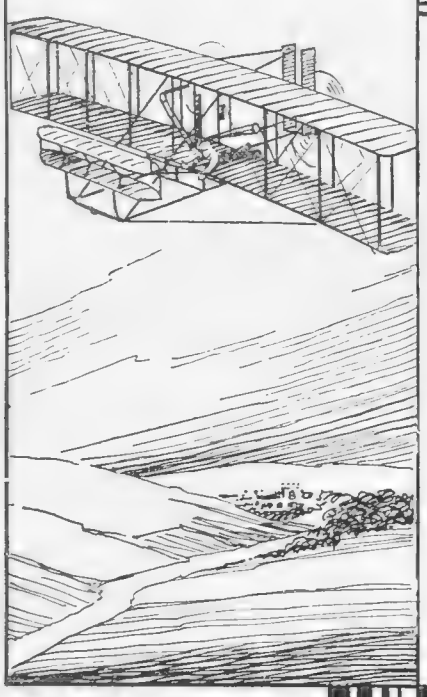
Wright's Coal Tar Soap Company has inaugurated a gift scheme of fascinating coloured books. Parents appreciate these for they know that, while amusing the kiddies, they impart valuable elementary knowledge to the young mind. There is an easy arithmetic book, an alphabet book and a first primer—all coloured and entertaining. The proprietors of this famous soap cater for young minds as well as young bodies. These three books will be sent free to any reader on receipt of 1½d. stamp and one outside printed wrapper from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Readers should send their name and address, when applying, to Picture Books, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark, London, S.E.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Spontaneous praise for the work which this Society is doing at their Fortescue House School, in the London Road, Twickenham, comes from a local resident, after visiting the school in a non-official capacity: "The appearance of the Fortescue House boys was most striking; strong, well-set-up, straight in the back, and full of pluck. I at times wonder whether the committee realize what a remarkable type of boy they breed at the school. If my own boy turns out as fine a boy as 99 per cent. of the Fortescue House boys I shall be a proud man." Such a work is worth supporting. Please send a gift if you can to the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

IN THE PEARL OF THE PYRENEES: St. Jean de Luz, one of the most popular of the resorts on the Franco-Spanish Coast. The building in the foreground is the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre, now under the control of the Société des Hôtels, Basques, at which the late King Edward VII stayed on several occasions. Possessing the finest public rooms in the town, the hotel has been entirely redecorated and reconstructed throughout

The Original Wright Aeroplane.



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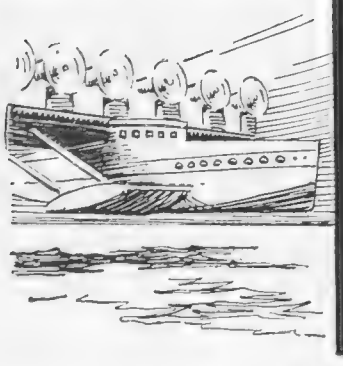

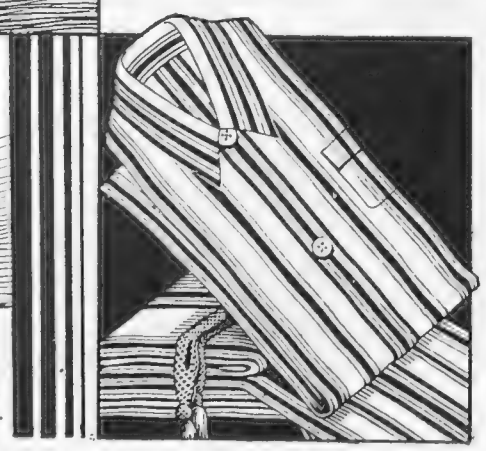

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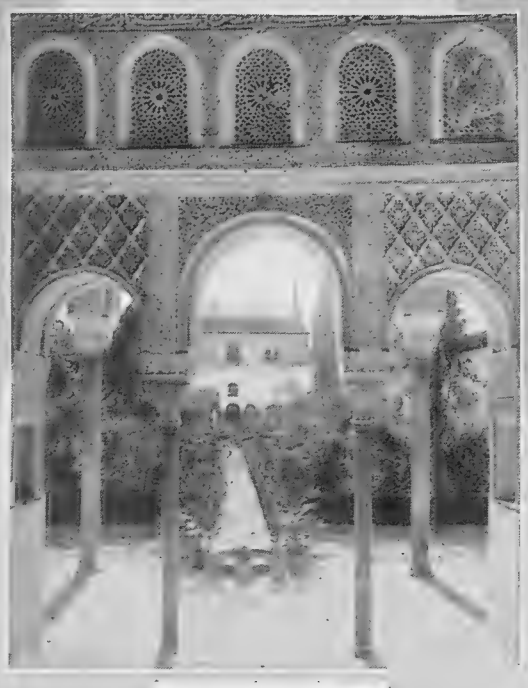
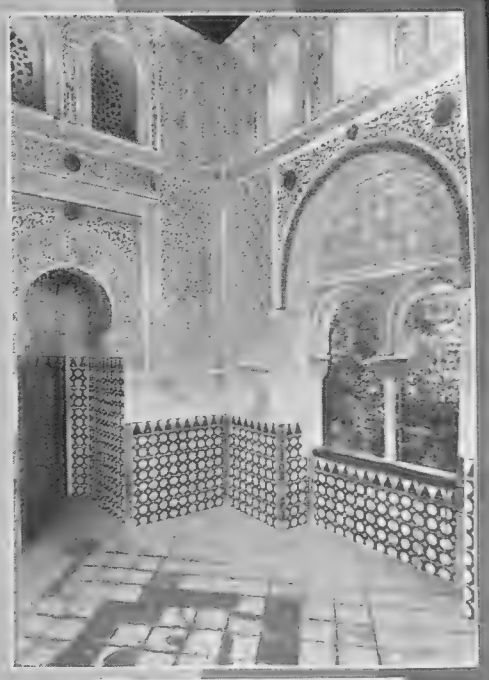
Granada The Alhambra. Courtyard of the Lions.



Granada. The Generalife.



Granada (Alhambra). The Mosque.

Granada (Alhambra). Chamber of Justice.

Granada. The Alhambra Gardens.

Granada. Panoramic view of Alhambra.

Granada. The Alhambra and Sierra Nevada from St. Cristobal.

VISIT SUNNY SPAIN: The Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at PARIS, *12 Boulevard de la Madeleine;* NEW YORK, *695 Fifth Avenue;* ROME, *9 Via Condotti;* MUNICH, *6 Residenzstrasse;* BUENOS AIRES, *Veinticinco de Mayo, 158;* GIBRALTAR, *63-67 Main Street. At* LONDON *and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies or any other Travel Agency.*

The PETROL World

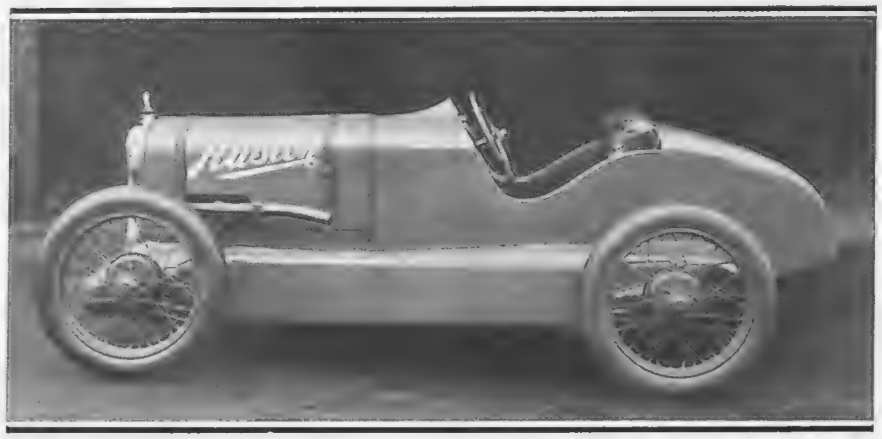
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

UPHOLDING BRITAIN'S PRESTIGE.—The last few weeks have been remarkable in the annals of British motoring. By the time these words are in print Captain Malcolm Campbell will have returned from America after his wonderful achievement in breaking the world's land speed record. I do not know of any other individual who has gone out to attempt this hazardous task under less propitious circumstances. He was subjected to a whole heap of unkind criticism because he was endeavouring to better the record of a man who, to the regret of every sportsman, met with a fatal accident last year. Captain Campbell, however, realized, and he was perfectly right, that in this world a nation or an individual cannot sit still. If the movement is not forwards it will be backwards. Again I pointed out in these notes prior to Captain Campbell's departure that the British nation should give him every encouragement, as his advancing years will not permit him to make such an attempt very much longer. To add to his difficulties he was told by people who are considered to know what they are talking about, that owing to the unorthodox design of his car, which placed the propeller shaft much more on one side of the frame than the other, the car could not be expected to do anything but go round in circles. Unfortunately the designer, Mr. R. A. Railton of Thomson and Taylor, Ltd., Brooklands, although one of the cleverest designers in the country, was not sufficiently well known to be able with his reputation to kill this bogey the moment it appeared. As events have turned out Mr. Railton has had the satisfaction of knowing that the practical test more than carried out his original theory. He has made a name for himself which should now entitle him to be looked upon as one of our greatest designers in the motor-car trade.

Captain Campbell, in addition to all his worries, had to stand practically the whole financial outlay from his own pocket, and even at the last moment when he was going on board the liner at Southampton fresh financial worries were cabled to him. In spite, therefore, of all these circumstances he has done what he set out to do, and he deserves every bit of credit for what is really a one-man show.

Although he personally will be fêted and will receive congratulations from all and sundry, we must not forget that he has directly contributed to the prosperity of this country.



ANOTHER CAMPBELL RECORD: The Austin Seven in which Captain Malcolm Campbell secured the International Class H Record at a speed of 94·031 m.p.h. at Daytona on February 6, 1931. This record was previously held by the Austin Seven at 87.7 m.p.h. It is interesting to note that the Seven has secured a greater number of successes than any car in the world. Competition Austin Seven models are built entirely of standard parts

CONTINENTAL SUCCESS.—A few weeks ago the British motor trade was again in the limelight because British cars had carried off all the high awards in the Monte Carlo Rally. Many people in this country are still under the impression that the Monte Carlo Rally, like some events of this nature, is a sort of mannequin parade of motor-cars. That is far from being the case, as it is one of the most strenuous road events for motor-cars it is possible to conceive. Cars and drivers come from every nation in Europe, and not until this year has Great Britain succeeded in showing the real merits of her automobile products. All the chief awards were won by Britishers and British cars, as the following results show: International Sporting Club Cup (Mr. D. M. Healey), Invicta. Mr. Healey also carried off three other high awards. The Riviera Cup was won by Mr. V. E. Leverett-Riley, and in the Comfort Competition (Mr. S. C. H. Davis) Armstrong-Siddeley was awarded the Grand Prix D'Honneur.

The three principal awards went to Mr. Leverett's Riley, Mr. Healey's Invicta and Mr. Davis's Armstrong-Siddeley. From the British motoring industry's point of view these successes are most important, and we must all hope that every advantage will be taken of the sporting efforts of these British drivers. People on the Continent always like to buy a car which has done something, and so these successes have only to be rubbed in and backed up with enterprise to improve our very backward position on the Continent. In this country there is always a tendency in times of depression to put a brake on publicity whereas logically it is just the period when most money should be spent on advertising and propaganda.

MRS. VICTOR BRUCE.—In another field, but one very much connected with motoring, a very daring journey has just been completed. I refer to the flight round the world of the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce. Although the crossings of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans have been made by boat Mrs. Bruce has flown solo on her Blackburn Bluebird 19,000 miles. It must also be remembered that she was not an experienced pilot when she started on the journey some months ago. In fact she only took her pilot's ticket at the Brooklands School of Flying a few weeks before she started on her trip. Her successful journey is another striking tribute to the supremacy of British light-aircraft. Not only must we congratulate the makers of the aeroplane, but also Mrs. Bruce for having carried through with the utmost skill and the greatest fortitude a most daring flight.

BENTLEY

PARK WARD Coachwork of marked elegance lends added distinction to the "Speed-Six" Bentley, here illustrated; each, in its respective sphere, fulfils the highest ideal of British craftsmanship. The body is a close-coupled coupé with leather roof and reinforced glass. Battleship grey has been chosen as the colour for the coach-built bodywork while wings and roof are finished in black.

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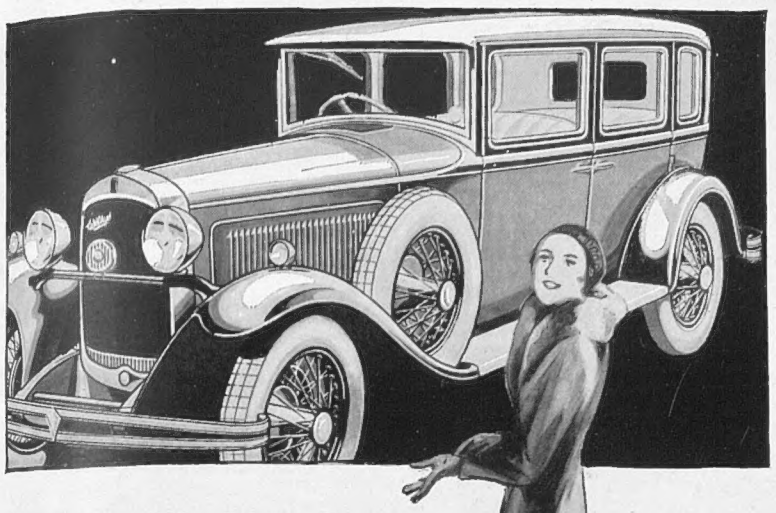

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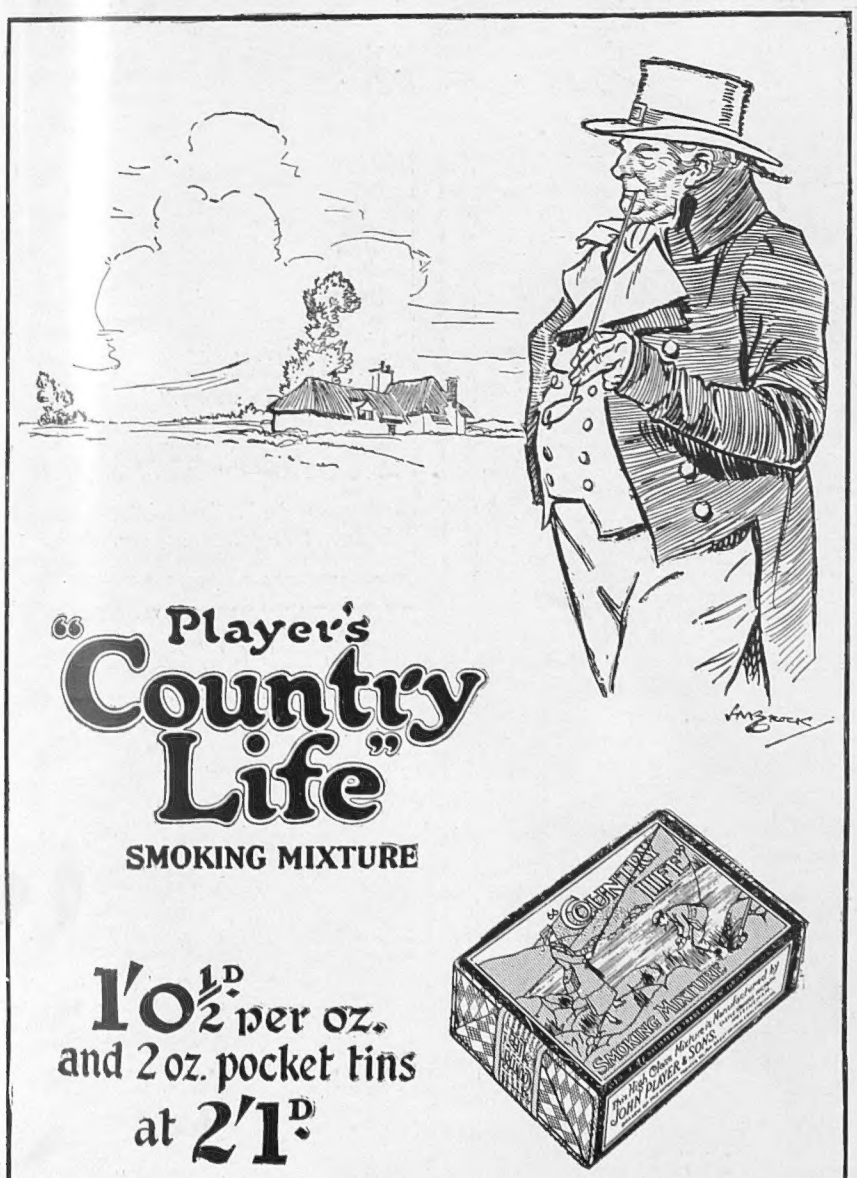

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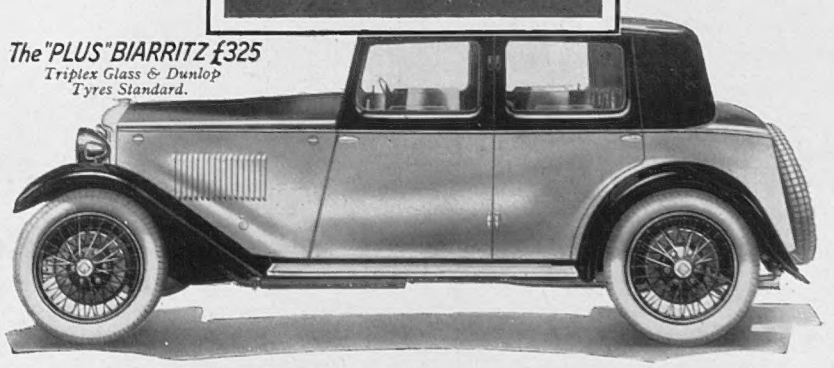

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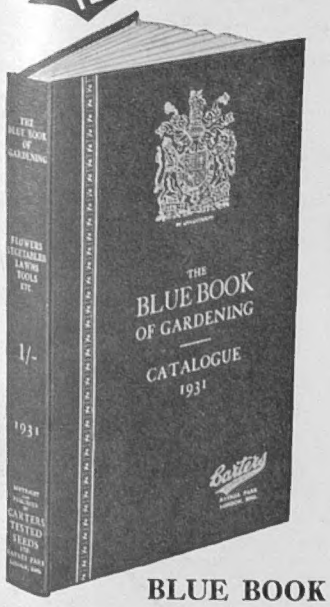

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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2
February 21, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. 1903.